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# COUNTRY LIFE

FEBRUARY 23, 1945

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**OTHER PROPERTY AND AUCTIONS** ADVERTISING PAGE 314



# COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. XCVII. No. 2510

FEBRUARY 23, 1945



*Harlip*

LADY ELIZABETH SCOTT

Lady Elizabeth Scott, the elder daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, who is now a cypher officer, joined the W.R.N.S. in March, 1942, and was a rating until August, 1944, when she received her commission. For some months Lady Elizabeth served as a coder in a troopship crossing the Atlantic

# COUNTRY LIFE

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ADVERTISEMENT AND  
PUBLISHING OFFICES:  
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## THE NEED FOR VIGILANCE

IT is not easy to forget that Sir John Anderson's experience of administration derives from a long and distinguished career in many branches of the Civil Service; that he is by training a bureaucrat rather than a Parliamentarian. His defence of the Requisitioned Land Bill—with its preliminary tactical offensive—was a masterly piece of dialectics. But it rested too much on the implicit assumption that Government departments are not only all-wise but always well-intentioned, to satisfy those realists who are well aware that, when powers are granted for one purpose, reason can always be found to use them for others, even when those others have been expressly disclaimed beforehand. Mr. Pickthorn put the matter in a nutshell when he begged the House not to proceed on the assumption that Ministerial assurances were facts, and anybody who likes to turn up in Hansard the history of the Road Fund (let us say) will understand exactly what he meant.

Nobody is likely to deny that the primary object of the Bill is unexceptionable. On the other hand a measure which gives unrelated Government departments, supported by a Treasury Commission, power to extinguish Common Rights by a stroke of the pen obviously does not fit into the framework of reconstruction foreshadowed by the Barlow, Scott and Uthwatt Reports, and to some small extent already being called into being by the Ministry of Planning. M.P.s are well aware how seriously their constituents consider the issues involved. All over the country unco-ordinated building proposals are being made by individuals or local authorities, which if carried out would prejudice plans for National Parks and Green Belts. The latest case is that of Sheffield, where proposals to build on the magnificent Green Belt (described in detail in a newly published C.P.R.E. pamphlet), have been opposed by fourteen representative local associations. Elsewhere, local authorities are proposing to enclose commons as housing estates. In doing so they would be acting *ultra vires*. They appear not to know it and it is time that the Ministry of Health issued some statement on the subject for their guidance. Everywhere, obviously, there is the greatest need for vigilance.

In Parliament that vigilance will be much needed during Committee Stage. The one blemish which the Chancellor feels compelled to recognise in his Bill is the failure to make provision for objections to compulsory acquisition from recognised "Preservation" Societies, and from local authorities. This is certainly a concession, but more of them will be required with regard to the constitution of the War Works Commission and other safeguards will have to be introduced. Why should the President of the Board of Trade be given overriding powers

when the Minister of Town and Country Planning is ignored? And why, if the Water Bill contains, as it does, a provision by which any order for the compulsory purchase of common land is inoperative unless specifically confirmed by Parliament, cannot a similar provision be inserted in the Requisitioned Land Bill?

## THE SUPPORT OF RESEARCH

WHAT is often most needed to accelerate the orderly march of science as applied to human problems is a constant review of new knowledge and of old with the specific problems constantly kept in mind. It is no great compliment to the race that the problems of war should regularly be the subject matter of such a review; nor that it should be the compulsion of national defence which alone can bring about the establishment of such a Scientific Research Board as that announced in the United States and the creation in this country of a permanent scientific general staff to guard, as it is said, against Britain ever being taken by surprise by the development abroad of new forms of warfare. Actually we have had for some time our Boards of Scientific and Industrial Research, but the money available for the support of research in many departments of knowledge which profoundly affect human life has been totally incommensurate with the results which might have, and have not, been obtained. The announcement of a great increase in the Treasury grant to Universities is a step in the right direction. But much more should be earmarked for the definite support of research. In agriculture, to take an instance, there are many basic problems in addition to those on which Sir Gilbert Lawes spent his fortune which still await solution: such fundamental problems as that of the real function of organic as opposed to artificial manures and the real part played in agriculture by the plough.

## RYE, SUSSEX

WESTWARD facing  
The wind's embracing,  
The sea is in your eyes  
And certain grave surprise  
To find your gaze should yield  
For ocean a green field  
Whose only ships are trees.  
(Yet when the western breeze  
Blows salt once in a while,  
You nod your head and smile.)  
Who builded you?  
Some land-trapped sailor,  
Feeling the earth his gaoler?  
Did his dreams beget you,  
Plan you and set you  
Westward facing  
The wind's embracing?

E. M. BARRA'D.

## COMMEMORATING SIR EDWIN LUTYENS

CAPTAIN GOODHART RENDEL is a fastidious critic of architecture, so that the paper on Sir Edwin Lutyens that he read to the Royal Institute of British Architects, of which he was President before the war, aroused mixed expectations. "Everything that he did was right," he said, "though whether it was the right thing to do is another matter." Some of his earlier houses he described as fairy palaces, and no more convenient or labour saving than a fairy palace—or other houses in those days—were required to be. Liverpool Cathedral he described as a city of churches wonderfully grouped around its central dome and, though that is not yet built, he pictured Sir Edwin being received in the Elysian Fields as one of themselves by the other great dome-builders of history, Anthemius, Brunelleschi, Michael Angelo, and Wren. More immediately, however, he regarded Lutyens as the architectural grandson of G. E. Street, the once venerated but temporarily eclipsed designer of the Law Courts. Would his reputation suffer for a time the same fate? The Lutyens Memorial Committee are ensuring against such a passing phase by publishing, through COUNTRY LIFE, four volumes of his collected works, the number, quality, and variety of which will certainly surprise some who are inclined to group the greatest of contemporary English architects as merely one of

his generation. An advantage to be enjoyed by donors to the Lutyens Memorial Fund for the establishment of an architectural scholarship is that they will be entitled to a substantial discount on the price of the volumes payable over a period by bankers' order.

## FARMERS AND WORKERS

LORD DE LA WARR'S address to the Farmers' Club on British Agriculture and World Conditions, which is discussed by Cincinnatus in this week's *Farming Notes*, puts the case for combining the Hot Springs nutrition policy with a continuation of efficient marketing control in a most convincing way. In the end, however, as Lord De La Warr realises, we shall have to come back, even after world prices have been stabilised, to the question whether the workers in other industries in this country are prepared to pay prices to the British farmer which will enable him to continue the level of wages which obtains at present. During the war the agricultural minimum wage has risen from about 35s. to 70s. per week. Will the Trade Unions and their political sponsors, when the war-time subsidies which now make cheap food possible are withdrawn or reduced, desert their new-found comrades in favour of the popular cry of cheap food at all costs and then turn round and blame the farmer for getting rid of or reducing the wages of his men? That an ex-Labour Minister should come to regard things in this light shows what a change in political thought regarding agriculture has come about in the last few years.

## LOCAL TRADITION

THE discovery of an ancient Roman pottery in Alice Holt Forest near Bentley in Hampshire is exceedingly interesting for its own sake, the more so as it appears to have been very large, amounting almost to a Black Country. But there is another more general interest attaching to it for all those who cherish local traditions. It was found because a member of the Home Guard casually told Major Wade that his grandfather had told him that there was a pottery there and that, as we gather, this was an old legend handed down through many generations of grandfathers. Major Wade instantly had his archaeological nose on the trail and there on the very spot the pottery was. There is one possible weakness in this story in that the existence of the pottery was recorded in 1839. It had since been lost, but it is possible that the tradition dated back no further than that discovery and if so is little more than a hundred years old. Those at any rate "who cultivate the mysterious and the sublime" will not readily believe that it is so modern and indeed there are many instances in almost any English countryside in which a story handed down from father to son, though it may have suffered strange changes in the process, has yet a substantial kernel of truth which goes back to times almost prehistoric.

## THE BARRING-OUT

THAT boys at an Approved School lately indulged in an old-fashioned "Barring-Out," which had seriously to be subdued, seems to-day something of an anachronism, but such antics were much commoner in more lawless times. Those who were brought up on Miss Edgeworth may recall the barring-out in one of her stories, led by a young firebrand called Archer. There is likewise in *Trenca's Realities of Irish Life* a most dramatic account of a barring-out in real life at Armagh, in which the young rebels fired sparrow-hail at the passers-by in the street and a solemn demand was made for the troops to be called out. Such heroic remedies, however, were not required, as the boys had forgotten one essential, water, and were forced to surrender in a thirsty and grimy condition. The public schools were not exempt from mutinies, for at Eton a number of the boys threw their books into the river and marched to Maidenhead, only to come back and be flogged. Keate had to deal with a minor revolt and so did Dr. Butler of Shrewsbury, who wrote to Keate for advice and received an answer that the Headmaster of Eton did not wish to be considered an authority on revolutions.





Douglas Went

SPRING DAWN

## A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES

**A** CORRESPONDENT writing from South Africa and the Rhodesias comments on the number of high-powered cars to be seen in those countries and says: "but, alas, not five per cent. of them are British! I see that the method of taxation at home is being altered to help the overseas market in the Dominions and Colonies, but, as the heads of some of the big motor industries in England are reported to have said that it will have no good effect whatsoever, I suppose the market will remain lost to us." The situation therefore will continue as it was from about 1926 onwards when, among other lands, the whole of the Middle East became car-minded, and the demand for cars was enormous. It was a distressing sight then—when there was so much unemployment in Great Britain—to see the cheap, but high-powered, American cars everywhere in Egypt, Palestine, Syria and Irak, while those of British manufacture were almost as rare as the dodo.

The explanation is perfectly simple and quite reasonable. In practically every country outside western Europe a car must be able to pull up rough and very steep inclines, to tackle soft sand and mud, and to travel safely over deep ruts and general roughness of surface. To accomplish this it is essential to have at least 18 h.p. and a moderately high clearance. American engineers design all their popular models to cope with conditions such as those, because it is essential in their country, and, moreover, they are not hampered by a horse-power tax. Our engineers on the other hand, because Great Britain is seamed with first-class roads, have devoted all their mechanical ingenuity to evolving models which give the maximum speed on the lowest possible horse-power, and a graceful stream-lined effect with extreme comfort as regards seating; and these latter assets do not go hand in hand with high clearance. In the early days of the L.D.V., when we maintained observation posts on every high spot in the country, a great number of home

By

Major C. S. JARVIS

motorists learnt to their cost how very unsuitable the average British car is on a rough track, and in my own unit there was hardly one serviceable exhaust pipe by the time the last O.P. was sited.

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**I**N some recent Notes I commented on the difficulty one experiences with most cars in letting the water out of the radiators on a frosty night, and with my particular model it constitutes what is known as a "garage job," though it is possibly just a slight exaggeration to state, as I did, that one has to remove the two front wheels, and some of the frame-work. A correspondent has written to say I am lucky with my model, as with his, besides the labour entailed, one suffers the risk of physical injury and loss of eyesight. "How often have I longed to get hold of the designer when I crawl beneath the car on a dark frosty night, and grope for the nut on a red-hot engine!"

In his model, a quite recent one, the outlet for the water is closed by a nut which can only be reached by lying flat on the back under the car, and which has to be removed with a spanner. As the nut is loosened, squirts of boiling water shoot out, which does not make for accurate work with the spanner. Then suddenly the nut shoots out, or is blown out by steam, and before one can get clear one may be drenched by boiling water. All one has to do after this is to grope about on the ground in the darkness trying to find the nut, which has usually been shot away some distance by the steam. The designer, if his attention were called to these shortcomings, would no doubt say chidingly, and with a contemptuous smile of superiority: "Ah, you should wait

out in the cold for half an hour while the engine cools off, and any sensible man would put on his oil-skins."

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**R**ECENT experiences have set me thinking of the unpredictable nature of fog. It can be of a most peculiar and local nature, and it requires a weather expert and geologist combined to foretell correctly where it will lie and where it will be non-existent, as it abides by no set rules. An example of this Winter's vintage was, as one would expect, particularly dense when one came down from moderately high land to cross a stream, but there was no certainty about this as two depressions, in which there were brooks and some very marshy water-meadows, were completely clear, and actually obtaining the last rays of the sun; while, on the other hand, along a fairly high gravel ridge the fog was heavier than on any of the low-lying land. Another little peculiarity was that in one spot, which was quite level, the fields on the right of the road were blotted out in thick mist, while in those on the left there was no trace of fog whatsoever.

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**T**HERE is a rumour, now more or less confirmed, that the military authorities are hesitating about the release from requisition of the Dorset coastline from Studland to Tyneham and Kimmeridge, which has been occupied by troops since 1941, as there is some scheme for making this a permanent training-ground for the Army. It has been suggested in fact that the area taken over by the War Office should extend along the coast to the west, and link up with the existing tank operational ground at East Lulworth, which after the last war barred to the general public the grandest stretch of cliff scenery and the most beautiful little cove on the British coast—Arish Mel.

As most readers of COUNTRY LIFE are probably aware the stretch of country which extends from the west of Poole to the outskirts of Weymouth—a series of round rolling downs,

high cliffs of varying colours and small coves of great beauty—is the only extensive length of coast within reasonable distance of London which has not been spoilt by the erection of modern buildings, and the creation of a bungalow suburbia. For the preservation of this coast the inhabitants of this country must be grateful, not to any controlling authority, but to the various landowners in the district, who, while allowing access to the downs and beaches, have refused all offers from building syndicates to open up the area, and construct rows of seaside villas, with their attendant casinos and piers.

THE farmland along the actual coast is for the most part grazing of no great value, and the landowners, if they had so desired, could have increased their incomes twenty-fold by letting the shore strips as building sites. It is to their credit that until this war they have acted as an unofficial National Trust, and have reserved for the benefit of the scenery-loving public a stretch of coast which for unspoiled beauty has no superior in Britain. It is this area, preserved until the present time at what amounts to personal sacrifice, which may be taken over as a tank training-ground, and

barred to the general public for ever. There is also the question of the very great hardship inflicted on the residents in the area, the farmers, smallholders and others numbering some 600 people, who have been evicted from the lands which they and their forefathers have cultivated for generations. Before any final decision is made the question should be brought up in the House of Commons, as some fifteen miles of seashore should not be struck off the map for all time until the matter has been fully explored, and it is discovered that no alternative area is available.

SO much has been written and said of recent years concerning the respective merits of the horse and the tractor on the farm that it is strange one quite important point in favour of the horse-drawn plough, harrow and cultivator had been overlooked until Mr. Norman G. Wilson pointed it out in his letter, which appeared in COUNTRY LIFE of February 2. This is that the tractor travels so fast that the birds do not have a chance to cope with the wireworms turned up by the machine. The wireworm, a tough strip of yellow muscle and sinew, is not nearly so attractive and succulent

to the small bird as the tiny red worms, which are lying in every foot of freshly-turned earth, nor do they appeal to the gulls, rooks and plovers as much as the big fat lobs, which wave their flat tails helplessly in the wake of the plough. The wireworms are left to the last to be tidied up when the dainties are finished and with the tractor travelling at the rate of knots exposing more and more worms, this tying up never takes place, for the wireworm is not a fool, and the rapidity with which he will take cover again after being unearthed has to be seen to be believed. It might be argued that, as the earthworm is a definite asset to agriculture, the birds at work behind a tractor plough are in fact doing more harm than good.

A well-known firm of seedsmen, which specializes in sweet corn and early-maturing maize, both of which are most susceptible to wireworm, say that the only certain method they know of ridding the soil of this pest is to put a pen of chickens out on the field and, after ploughing, to fork over lightly a fresh patch every day. This sounds a most laborious task, but it is worth while with valuable crops, and it is a fact that once a ploughed field has been cleared of wireworm the insect will not establish itself again so long as the soil is cultivated.

## BLENHEIM FIFTY YEARS AGO

### MEMORIES OF GENTLEMAN'S SERVICE

By GERALD HORNE, taken down by DAVID GREEN

*The author of these recollections was hall boy to the late Duke of Marlborough at a time, the 'nineties, when domestic life in a great country house was still almost feudal by present standards. His vivid pictures from an unfamiliar angle are authentic footnotes to history, depicting a way of life that, although comparatively recent, seems now to belong to another age, and in which, he says, "I was most happy."*

MY great-grandfather, grandfather and father all, in their time, worked at Blenheim Palace. My father was house carpenter there, his wage—a very good one for those times—thirty shillings a week. We lived in a nice old cottage of the Duke's at Combe for which Father paid 1s. 6d. a week. So it was only natural that at the age of 14 (I had left school at 13) I too should be sent to Blenheim where for about six months I helped the electricians.

This was in 1896, yet at Blenheim there was electric light, telephone and an all electric dairy! Blenheim was certainly one of the first, perhaps the very first private mansion to install electricity. I liked the work and was content to stick at it, but the head electrician and my father put their heads together and decided that it would be best for me to go into the house and work on the inside staff. It would be far better for me, they said, to have my feet under someone else's table than under my own. I had no say in the matter and soon found myself being interviewed by the steward.

"What's your name?" he asked.

"Gerald, sir."

"What?"

"Gerald, sir."

"Gerald? Oh, no, that won't do. We will call you Johnny."

And Johnny I have been from that day fifty years ago to this. The steward took me on to work the palace telephone exchange and I can tell you, when I found I was in charge of 37 lines connecting the Duke with his estate, I was more than a little nervous. The Duke was all right but he could certainly make one tremble and when he came round with the steward on his monthly inspection you'd most likely hear a roar and think that what was coming down the passage was a giant.

Besides seeing to the telephone I was hall boy, which meant looking after the under-servants' hall, laying their meals and so on. My pay was £12 a year and two suits of morning clothes made of that pepper and salt stuff which nearly all servants at that time had to wear.

My hours were 7 till 11, most of the time on the go, with two afternoons and evenings off a week. When I was off I was off and away home or fishing in the lake, but when the footmen were off duty they were still on call for carriage work, work which was not popular at any time because the hats they had to wear to take their places on the carriage spoilt their hair and when they returned the whole business of setting and powdering had to be gone through again. Oh yes, to be a footman in those days, with a place worth calling a place, you had to powder every day and that meant washing your hair with soap, combing it out, getting it set in waves and then powdering it. You never dried your

hair but left it to set like cement. The powder you mixed yourself, buying violet powder from the chemist's and mixing it with flour. The powdering allowance for footmen was two guineas a year.

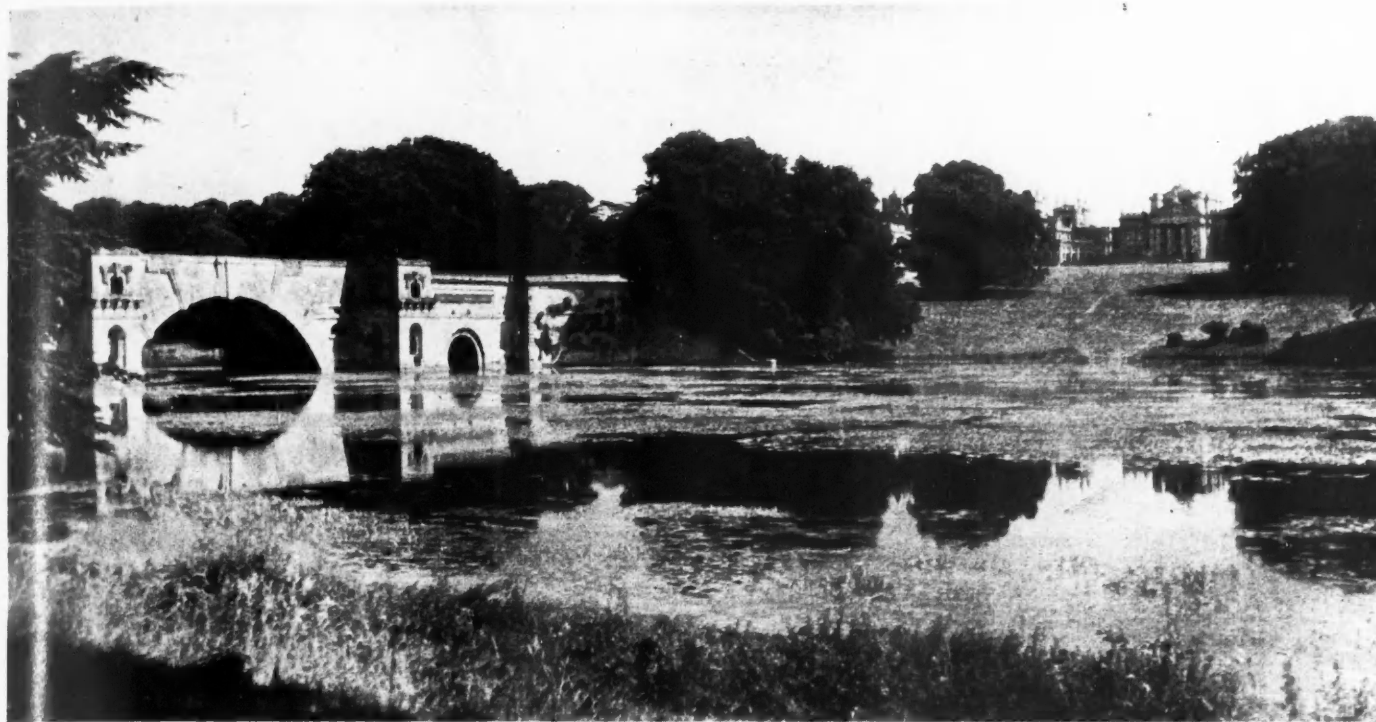
There was never any question of my powdering at Blenheim because, since no liveried servant was engaged there unless he was six feet or over (I was five foot nine), I could never be promoted to be footman. Later on though, in other mansions, powdering went with my job and I for one am heartily glad that the practice has since been abolished. It was most uncomfortable and to my way of thinking should never be asked of any human being. But honestly I don't think the gentry realised what you went through doing this kind of thing. Most of the footmen at Blenheim were well over six feet and their uniform consisted of maroon plush breeches, maroon coat and waistcoat with silver braid, flesh coloured silk stockings and patent shoes with silver buckles.

The inside staff of the palace was normally from 36 to 40 and at busy times very many more, for of course every visitor brought a maid, a lady as often as not bringing a special footman to clean her boots and shoes; and the visitors' servants made quite as much work as the gentry themselves. The outside staff numbered 40 to 50, and there was also the hunting department, carried on at the home farm at Bladon with a staff of about a dozen. Sixteen to twenty horses (including six Scots Greys) were kept for hunting and there were some twenty carriage horses, bays, beautiful things. Then there was the electrician's staff of four, two house carpenters and two decorators who spent nearly all their time helping themselves to flowers from the pleasure grounds and arranging them. They were clever though. I shall always remember that snow scene of theirs for I never saw anything more wonderful of its kind. Everything you looked at in the palace that night was white and sparkling as it would be in the Winter woods, even to the little birds in the trees. But for special occasions the centrepiece for the dinner-table was always the same. It was a massive, solid silver affair representing



PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR, WHILE IN SERVICE AT BLENHEIM





BLENHEIM PALACE ACROSS THE LAKE

the first Duke of Marlborough writing despatches at the battle of Blenheim. It took two strong men to lift it.

Our two lodge-keepers—one at Blenheim and one at Woodstock—were over six feet tall. They were dressed in black coats with silver buttons, buff breeches and gaiters and a cockaded top hat and each carried a long staff. We had also a dairyman and a dairymaid, a nightwatchman with a police dog (an airedale)—he not only kept guard outside but came in and walked right through the place to see there was nothing amiss—and a professional cricketer to teach the Duke his game. And then of course there were occasional workers not attached to the staff, as for instance the two wine specialists from London who would be unpacking and stocking the two cellars (one exclusively for champagne) for a week at a time.

Another sort of worker was the great Mr. Perkins of Birmingham who was summoned nearly every week-end to play the palace organ in the Long Library (usually after dinner). But he was treated as one of their own people.

#### MAIDS' BONNETS

At three o'clock of a Sunday afternoon the whole indoor and stable staff had to attend a service in the private chapel; and a lovely place it was. The maids all had to wear bonnets. The choir was from Bladon and usually the rector of Woodstock preached. There was no collection.

A day I shall always remember was when the Duke brought his bride—Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt as she had been—back from their honeymoon in Egypt. Woodstock of course was smothered in flags and at the station the bays were taken from the shafts and the carriage with our master and mistress was drawn by the estate men to the town hall and from there to the palace in triumph. It was a great thing for me to stand there and see them brought home in such style and when the Duchess stepped down from the carriage you might almost have heard us gasp at how young and how beautiful she was. And she was as good as she was beautiful too. In fact she would go out of her way to be kind to everyone and of course she was idolised. At Christmas, for instance, she saw to it personally that everyone in the villages belonging to Blenheim had a blanket or a pig or a ton of coal or whatever it was they wanted. She was a great lady.

The Duchess had brought with her from Egypt a black page boy, a Mohammedan who came to be known as Mike. Not a word of English could he speak when he arrived and

yet in six months he was word perfect. In fact he could speak too well, for he swore like a trooper. Did I say he was a Mohammedan? Yes, and at first he would eat no pork. He was persuaded to try it though and liked it so much he ate of it heartily ever after. I can tell you I had some very fine battles and stand-up fights with that blackamoor; and me being a rather powerful boy, I used to give him a darn good hiding. Oh, but he was a nineter though and he'd whip out a knife too as soon as look at you.

#### BLACK EYE FOR BLACK BOY

One day we were in our boys' pantry having a bit of lunch when something happened and before I knew what he was about the black boy had hit me on the head with a beer jug. Of course I flew at him and while we were fighting the housekeeper came in and cried out "Oh Johnny, Johnny, what are you doing?" and I said "Yes and I'll kill the little beggar I will"; but she parted us and made us promise not to fight again.

No sooner had she gone though than I was at him for another go and landed him a black eye. Now that's a thing I don't think many can have seen—a black boy with a black eye—but there it was, as good a black eye as ever you saw, spoiling his fine looks at table and making him wish he'd never touched Johnny Horne nor the beer jug.

Unluckily for me—and perhaps for him too—Mike and me shared a bedroom, so neither of us had very peaceful nights; for even if we weren't fighting each other, we were never safe from the pranks of the footmen. They were devils, those footmen, and if we locked the door they broke it open. One night they ran in and dragging us both from our beds put blacking all over my face and blanco all over the blackamoor's. It seems funny enough now, but certainly there were times when their pranks went too far and although I never complained to anyone about them I did make up my mind that if ever I rose as far as butler I would make it my business to see that no footman under me interfered with my boys. I kept to that, too.

The black page's work was to sit in the front hall with a footman, from ten till six or seven, so as to be there to let anyone in or out. On special occasions he would stand behind the Duchess's chair at dinner, but of course he did no waiting. On those occasions he was always dressed in the elaborate uniform of his country, one outfit yellow, the other scarlet: turban, tunic, skirt and tasselled sash. He looked very picturesque, I'll say that much, but he was a

dangerous customer all the same. As time went on I think the Duke returned him to his native land.

Naturally the Duke and Duchess entertained very lavishly. Wonderful week-end parties they gave, with tea in the boathouse and the Blue Hungarian Band from London to play at dinner, not to mention Mr. Perkins's organ-playing afterwards. But the greatest occasion of all during my time at Blenheim was the visit of the late King Edward, then Prince of Wales, and the Princess. The Princess Victoria was also of the party, as were Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark and they all stayed several days for the shooting. Altogether there were thirty-six guests and on the evening of their arrival we had first a torchlight procession (and very pretty it looked crossing the lake by the old stone bridge) and then a banquet. Well some of us were given permission to go up on the balcony that night and look down into the front hall where at one long table they were dining, and of course I went up and looked down and there it was, all gleaming with wealth. I think the first thing that struck me was the flashing headgears of the ladies. The Blue Hungarian was playing and there was the Prince himself looking really royal and magnificent in military uniform. The table was laid of course with the silver gilt service, the old silver duke busy writing as usual in the very middle of it all and the royal footmen waiting side by side with our own.

#### SHOOTING PARTIES

Shooting parties at Blenheim were elaborate affairs and this royal party was far from being an exception. Sixteen to twenty keepers were always kept; and the food, sent out in padded baskets, was reheated on a stove when it reached the luncheon tent. To prevent accidents all the beaters were dressed in white smocks and red tam-o'-shanters. The keepers were very smart in Irish green velvet for their coats and vests with brass buttons, brown breeches and leggings and black billycock hats. The head keeper was distinguished by a hat like Mr. Churchill's. It was at Blenheim that we once had the record shoot of the world, five guns shooting 7,500 rabbits in one day. One of the guns that day was the Duke, another Prince Duleepsinhji, a frequent visitor, as was also Mr. Winston Churchill with his mother, but he usually went out riding.

When the royal visit came to an end, as you can imagine, everyone was more or less exhausted, so the Duke and Duchess decided to go away and give us all a complete rest. They

had been gone only one day when fire broke out in the roof of the saloon. Luckily the palace fire brigade had been training that morning and had only just left for their quarters. One of the decorators came running to me and calling "Johnny, there's a fire! Ring the bell!" You bet I tugged with a will and within five minutes the brigade was at the front door and pumping away with their old steamer and manual to the tune of 60,000 gallons an hour.

The thing that tickled me at the time was the panic of the housekeeper. I can see her now as she rushes into the front hall and throwing her arms round a statue that must have weighed five hundredweight if it weighed a pound tries

The fire had done little damage, the water a great deal. The brigade stayed on and I had to get them food and beer. Still they stayed, enjoying themselves no end, till it all turned into a singsong right up to midnight and everyone went to bed at last thoroughly happy. What's more the insurance company sent us all a reward, the firemen a fiver each, our men a pound and myself fifteen shillings—a tremendous sum to me in those days.

Now I must tell you that like most men servants we at Blenheim were of course given to gambling. Well, one evening six or seven of us were sitting at it in the servants' hall when my father, as was his weekly custom, came

"Yes," he said, very solemn, "and do you know, my boy, you're going the right way to Hell?" Yes, that was the straightest talk he ever gave me, but in spite of it I played whenever I could.

But the worst thing I remember happening through gambling, while I was in the Duke's employment, occurred one Winter's day when we were returning from Sysonby, the Duke's hunting-lodge at Melton Mowbray. Only certain of the staff would accompany him there: the groom of the chambers, two footmen, three housemaids, three in the kitchen, an odd man and myself, with of course the stud groom, second-horse man and stable helpers. A special train took the lot of us, including the horses, both ways. On the journey we all played up

and enjoyed it, but on the day I'm telling you about, when we opened the horse vans at Woodstock, there was one of us at least who wished he'd sat with the hunters instead. One of the Duke's lovely Scots Greys had hanged itself; been scared by the noise of the train or something and pulled and kept pulling on its halter till it was strangled. Well of course it was a terrible blow for the stableman in charge and took a bit of explaining.

To most of us working there Blenheim was the world, and not so small a world either, the palace itself covering three acres and the estate including most of Woodstock and the surrounding villages.

### THE BIRTH OF AN HEIR

You can imagine what a day it was then, when we heard that an heir—Lord Blandford—had been born in London. The steward and his staff at once climbed to the palace roof and fired a salute; and at night a ball was given for the servants and the people of Woodstock and the rest. The menservants wore dress clothes with special buttonholes. I was in my morning suit (but I managed the buttonhole all right; I doubt if any man's was larger) and danced with the maids, who looked very nice and graceful in their own long dresses. (For their daily work in the palace they were given black dresses—the only place I have known where this was done.) We danced to the organ as well as to a string band. All the elaborate refreshments were prepared in the palace kitchens and then passed from hand to hand by a row of waiters reaching from kitchen to dining-room. Free beer, free everything flowed like milk and honey. The beer cellar by the way was quite a noted place. We would get in two dozen barrels at a time.

Altogether I was there three and a half years and I must say it was a most wonderful place and in spite of all I had to put up with from footmen and so on I was most happy and left only to better my position, for being under six feet, as I've said, it was useless to hope for promotion there.

But where could you go in those days? What could you do with your free time? You had to make your own amusement and it's no wonder there was so much drinking and gambling. Trains were bad, there were no buses; so going into Oxford meant a slow ride by pony and trap. When you got there you went to a pub and looked at pretty pictures through a telescope. Were they indecent? Well no, but as near as they could go without being indecent. True, at Blenheim there was fishing in the lake and I took full advantage of it. Once I caught a four-pound eel and mother made eel pie and a very welcome dinner it made us. The Duke and Duchess were away at the time and we were on board wages: twelve shillings, vegetables, milk and half a pound of butter a week. Did we ever take to poaching? No, I never did. It was far too risky.

### OLD WAYS AND NEW

To-day of course what servants there are can be off to the pictures and do pretty much as they like. I'm sorry to see some of the old ways go all the same. In my time for instance it was always the thing for the under-servants to call the steward "Sir" and the housekeeper "Mam." But there, years ago servants were the best spoken and the best trained of any working folk in the country. In those days the steward and the housekeeper very often had more authority with the under-servants than the gentry themselves. The word was law. To-day they have very little authority and little respect is paid them. And then look how ideas on the age of a manservant have changed. The gentry's view used to be that until you were forty you could have no authority; and they were quite willing to keep you until you were eighty. They looked upon a man of years as one to be trusted, but now, why 'pon my sammy, they wouldn't look at you if you'd just turned sixty! Yes, it has all changed and to any youngster thinking of gentlemen's service to-day I'd say for girls, yes, a grand thing, for they get more freedom now than ever they got; but for men, no. Who wants butlers to-day? People can't pay them a worthwhile wage and tipping's nothing like what it was. Why, the whole time I did valeting, I can tell you this, I never got less than a bit of gold. You could hardly expect that to-day!



CONSUELO DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH, WITH THE PRESENT DUKE

to carry it off. The steward too was in a dither and took a knife to cut down the dining-room tapestries. The land steward came in though before he could do much and stopped him. Everything movable was cleared from the saloon and put on the lawn. The fire had started from a beam in the chimney which must have been smouldering all the time the royal party was with us.

But I shall always remember the part I played in the fire. I don't mean ringing the bell, though that was jolly enough. No, I mean sweeping the water downstairs when the fire was out. Along came the water, you see, like a great dirty river to where me and Mike the black page were standing with our brooms at the top of the basement stairs. As you can guess, nothing gave us more enjoyment than getting our feet into plenty of water and for nearly an hour that day we both had the time of our lives, yelling in English and in what I suppose was Egyptian as with all our strength and enthusiasm we helped the water downstairs.

along and asked me for my washing. Now father was a good living man and in our home gambling was not to be thought of. But he had me fair and square this time, for there we all were, very interested playing nap and although directly I saw how it was I dabbed my hand over my money (and there was quite a lot of it too), I knew he wasn't as blind as all that.

"Johnny, let me have your washing, will you?" he said, quiet enough. Everyone stopped playing and looked at each other, but no one said anything nor made a move. At last father said, "Come on, I can't stand here all night"; so I said "All right, Dad" and stood up—and there was my money staring him in the face.

Though he said nothing about it then I knew well enough I was for it. So in the morning I went fishing in the lake and had the luck to land an eight-pound pike. I thought, now if I give this to my father it will square matters nicely. So up I went to his workshop and said, "Dad, I've got a fish for you." And



# CAN AN INSECT VARY ITS PREY?

By C. N. BUZZARD

**H**ENRI FABRE, whom Darwin called "the incomparable observer" of insect life, often drew attention in his works to the immutability in the cycles of life of the bees, wasps and flies which he spent so many years in studying. Even the menus of their meals are intensely monotonous. The glow-worm, for instance, always eats snails, the mason wasp feeds its young grubs on spiders, and there are many species of the hymenoptera which catch caterpillars in the bodies of which they lay their eggs. There is one wild bee which paralyses a tarantula spider with her sting, for one of the rules of her life cycle is that she must lay her eggs in the living body of such a spider, and she knows that her grubs must find the flesh of a living specimen around them ready to eat when they are born. There is apparently no substitute that will suffice. But there are some small variations. When a spider-catching wasp, according to Fabre, cannot find the right kind of spider she may catch a member of a similar species, but she turns up her nose, he says, when offered a cricket.

## INSECTS' "DISCERNMENT"

Fabre denied insects any reasoning faculties, notwithstanding the "perfection of their work." But he quotes instances which show that insects possess a certain power of meeting emergencies, which he calls "discernment." He adds "In this quality of discernment lies the possibility of future improvement for the insect." It was an instance of such an emergency, where an insect was faced by an opponent of a species unlike its usual prey that I am about to describe.

The heroine of my story is a hornet, *Vespa crabro*, so common in the South of France, so rare nowadays in most parts of England. It was natural for me, while keeping bees in the hills near Cannes, to see much of the hornet, and in a previous article in COUNTRY LIFE I have described how the big female, like the British common wasp, habitually catches domestic bees wherewith to feed her young grubs. But the hornet is a far more skilled operator than the wasp. If the reader has ever seen and admired the artistic way in which the head-waiter of a first-class Paris restaurant carves a fowl, he will have some idea of how a hornet cuts up a bee. The victim seems to fall in pieces just as does the tender chicken under the knife of the dexterous waiter. The wasp, struggling with a bee, just slowly chawing it to pieces, seems a mere bungling amateur in comparison.

## HORNET v. PRAYING MANTIS

I have seen hornets catch wild bees and very occasionally, wasps, but their standard prey, with which to feed their families, was the domestic bee. It was therefore greatly to my astonishment that I witnessed one day a form of hunting which was so unlike the hornet's routine work, that I still believe it was due to a chance encounter or to exceptional circumstances.

It was in the month of September, in the hills behind Cannes, that I was walking one morning over some rough shrub-covered land towards our olive groves. The weather in Provence in September is, of course, nearly always beautiful, though sometimes windy, but on this particular morning the very heavy dews heralded the advent of a hot, still day. It must have been about eight o'clock, dreamily misty, and the mountains were hardly visible. The shrubs were as wet as if heavy rain had fallen. I was not looking for bees, much less for hornets. In fact the insect which was interesting me most at that time was that dreadful pest, the olive fly. But, as I brushed my way through wet bushes of broom and rosemary and trod on the damp but dried up plants of wild thyme, I noticed a large female hornet darting to and fro over the shrubs, as if in quest of prey.

Now, I knew that no bee would be seeking nectar on dew-soaked blossoms, and there were no bees about. It was far too wet, and I thought another hornet was wasting her time. There

were neither domestic bees, nor wild bees, nor wasps abroad. What could she be after? Suddenly she dived. In spite of the wet I threw myself face downwards into the bushes in time to see a large praying mantis in her customary boxer-like and very aggressive attitude. The praying mantis was fairly common with us. I, like most professional soldiers, had known these ogres in the Far-East, in India, in China, in other hot climates.

This insect, in spite of the habit of adopting an attitude of prayer, is the most voracious and powerful bully that other insects can meet. She is slow in movement and treads quietly and stealthily. She adopts a "village spectre"-like pose, terrifies her victims till they are paralysed with fear, holds them with her powerful arms, or forelegs, and eats them. The female mantis, like the spider and the scorpion, habitually devours her husband, but she is even more diabolically greedy than these. She commences her meal when a male is affectionately embracing her. According to Fabre, other males will stand by and wait their turn to be married and eaten. For a mantis to be eaten by his bride is evidently merely a somewhat solemn incident in the wedding ceremony, and males will almost queue up to be devoured, undeterred by the frightful example of their predecessors. A female is said to be capable of swallowing half a dozen males or more without difficulty, and with very short *entr'actes*.

## END OF THE MANTIS

The mantis is a curiously uncanny-looking insect. She has a facility for turning her head to look at you which is quite disconcerting. Unlike most insects, she is not particular about her food, and will devour bees, wasps, moths, crickets and her own husbands with equal avidity.

On the occasion of the encounter between the hornet and her opponent, I was not quick enough to see which was the aggressor, as the hornet had closed in by the time I was down in the bushes, and had obtained the inside grip as we used to say in wrestling. That is to say the mantis was whirling her forelegs, made rather like saws, but her aggressor was lying close on her neck. I may say that I was excitedly betting, in my imagination, three to one on the mantis. But not at all! I should have lost my money. The hornet crawled backward down the absurdly long neck of the mantis, whose "rights" and "lefts" merely struck the empty air, and doubling up her abdomen, stung the monster in her body. The effect was almost instantaneous. Well it might be! The French peasants say that one hornet sting will kill a small child, and five a man or woman. This is probably gross exaggeration, or very much dependent on temperament and other conditions. The mantis becoming quiescent, the hornet proceeded to operate.

With her powerful jaws she bit a neat little trench in the upper part of the abdomen of the mantis, just below the long neck. The hornet then removed meat from the inside, and manipulated the chunk with her forelegs. This action of patting or folding the meat was the same as I have seen her use when she dismembers a bee. Having arranged everything to her taste, she flew off with her parcel. I could not follow her to watch her dole out the delicacy to her voracious family, but I picked up the body of the mantis and took it home. Here I could examine at my leisure the neat wound made by the hornet. I left the

body on the table, and went out, and did not return for an hour and a half. I was astonished on my return to find the body showing signs of life, twitching in its limbs. I conclude that the sting of the hornet was not mortal, but only caused paralysis. Of course, if I had not dispatched her she could not have lived after such an operation.

## DEPARTURE FROM CUSTOM

Although I watched hornets during a space of some years after this event I never saw a similar incident, and I am inclined to think that it was most unusual, and a curious instance of the insect making a variation from its ever-recurring slaughter of bees. What most surprised me was the neatness of the surgical operation. To ask a hornet, used to dissecting bees, to remove a portion of the interior of a praying mantis, when one considers the difference in shape and size of the two insects, would be like asking a Harley Street surgeon to operate for appendicitis on a giraffe! Yet the thing was done without hesitation.

It might be asked whether I was mistaken as to the species of the hornet. I do not think this is possible, as these imperial members of the wasp family are unmistakable, especially when one has watched them for years.

There is, indeed, a species of wasp which attacks the mantis, but it treats its victim in quite another way. Far be it from me to assert that what I saw was exceptional, as I have learned from the writings of Henri Fabre and Lubbock not to jump to conclusions, but at least I have found neither corroboration nor contradiction of my assumption in the works of the "great masters." Did the hornet see some little movement in the bushes, dive for it, thinking it was some minor insect, to find herself confronted with the grim apparition of a praying mantis? I do not think that the mantis would have hesitated to tackle the hornet, but on this occasion certainly she made a fatal mistake. And I wondered whether the proud hornet would say to herself, after serving the exceptional repast to her gaping children, who, incidentally, feed upside down, "Well—we'll call it a day!" Or whether she went forth, flushed by success, and tried conclusions with another specimen of the ghost-like cannibal insect, perhaps to be defeated—and, of course, eaten.



A SKETCH BY COL. BUZZARD OF THE FIGHT BETWEEN A HORNET AND A PRAYING MANTIS



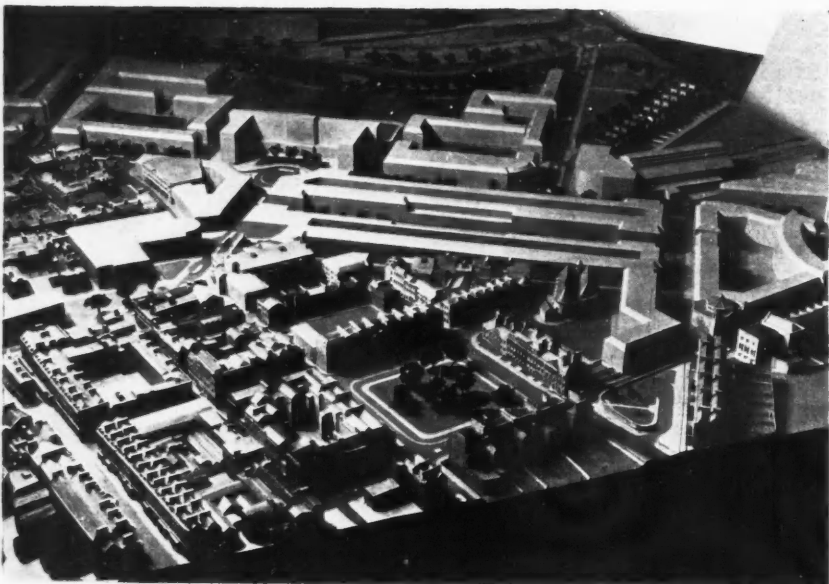
### 1.—THE DISCOVERY OF THE AVON

The new riverside walk and boating station proposed above Pulteney Bridge. To the left the new Market and the existing St. Michael's and G.P.O.



### 2.—APPROACH TO THE CITY

In the foreground, a central bus station, a new Concert Hall beyond. To the right of the Hall a new hotel block, to the left a Pump Room extension. The Abbey and the Parades fill the background



### 3.—SHOPPING AND HEALTH CENTRES

Queen Square and Milsom Street remain in the foreground; the new Kingsmead shopping area and Technical College are in the middle, with beyond the new Hospital leading down to the Avon

# THE PLAN FOR BATH

By BRYAN LITTLE

**M**R. W. S. MORRISON recently opened an exhibition at the Victoria Art Gallery, Bath, of the post-war Plan for the City. Its authors are Sir Patrick Abercrombie, Mr. John Owens, the City Engineer, and Mr. H. Anthony Mealand, Town Planning Officer. The Plan covers not only the City but, bearing in mind its setting in beautiful agricultural country, the nearby parts of Somerset as well. With Bath already about the ideal size, there is no aiming at much more than the present population. The lovely villages in the district are considered capable of holding any "overspill." Industry must play its part in Bath's future, though not, it may be hoped, in the tentative site at the foot of the Limply Stoke valley. But of course Bath's distinctive nature is that of a health centre (as distinct from a purely holiday resort) and a city of residence that can follow on from its development, in a golden age of building, as England's first national health resort. Bath can still, with its good schools and cultural facilities, attract a cultured residential *élite* to reinforce its wideawake civic consciousness in the guardianship of what is far more than a local possession. The quality of its life and the beauty of the setting make of Bath a national treasure.

The 1942 raids did only moderate damage to the "Baedeker" parts of Bath. This good fortune and the whole nature of the place make Bath pre-eminently—to use a German but expressive word for which English has no equivalent—a *kulturstadt*. Bath's awareness of the rare place the city holds in the national life together with the wide and critical interest which any plan for Bath must arouse, are reflected in the present proposals. Their authors have provided most carefully for the needs of a modern city, but of a city "with a difference," whose continued display of past beauties is an integral part of future prosperity.

The Plan largely hinges on roads. Bristol to London traffic is not to be passed clear of Bath, but will skirt along its northern side by a clever re-use of devastated Julian Road. Bristol to Southampton traffic will be led off over Odd Down to the South. In the City itself, the main routes proposed are more complicated; some are shown by dotted lines seen in the photographs of parts of the admirable model shown at the exhibition held in Bath. Traffic not having business in the various "precincts" of the City would be led round them and a central ring road would encircle the astonishingly short line of the old city walls. This part of the Plan would mean much demolition of existing buildings, in some cases of good Georgian work, and will probably arouse a good deal of controversy.

Raids and decay give Bath a considerable housing problem. Much of the population would be housed, as they are now, in 14 "neighbourhoods" cast round the centre of the City. No neighbourhoods would be wholly new. The present ones would be enlarged, with community buildings added. The planners have not fallen into the trap of aiming, in a city of Bath's moderate size, at undue self-sufficiency for each neighbourhood. For many social purposes and for entertainment their dwellers will have to make for the Centre. They will be citizens of Bath, not of Widcombe or Twerton. In the centre, future housing is mainly planned as the adaptation to flats, their Georgian exteriors intact, of existing streets and terraces. The pioneer schemes of the S.P.A.B., described in *COUNTRY LIFE* on September 29, 1944, have projected some admirable ideas for this work. As a happy result there is no place in the Plan for large new blocks of flats.

With one exception Bath's industrial concerns are unobtrusive. The planners propose to concentrate many of those certain to remain in Bath in an area, already partly industrial, in the Avon valley on the west side of the City, and they hope for the eventual removal of the gasworks to a more distant site.

The ground plan (Fig. 4) shows that most of Augustan and earlier Bath is to be cleared of some traffic and preserved. Except for the Mineral Water Hospital, the Woods's important buildings and their connecting streets are nearly all to be retained. The Avon above Pulteney Bridge and below Old Bridge is to be opened up as an ornamental waterway. Three badly bombed and blighted areas at Kingsmead, Manvers Street and below Old Bridge are to be put to new uses, thereby serving some of modern Bath's most pressing needs. It is by the Avon and in these



## (Right) 4.—THE CENTRE OF THE PLAN

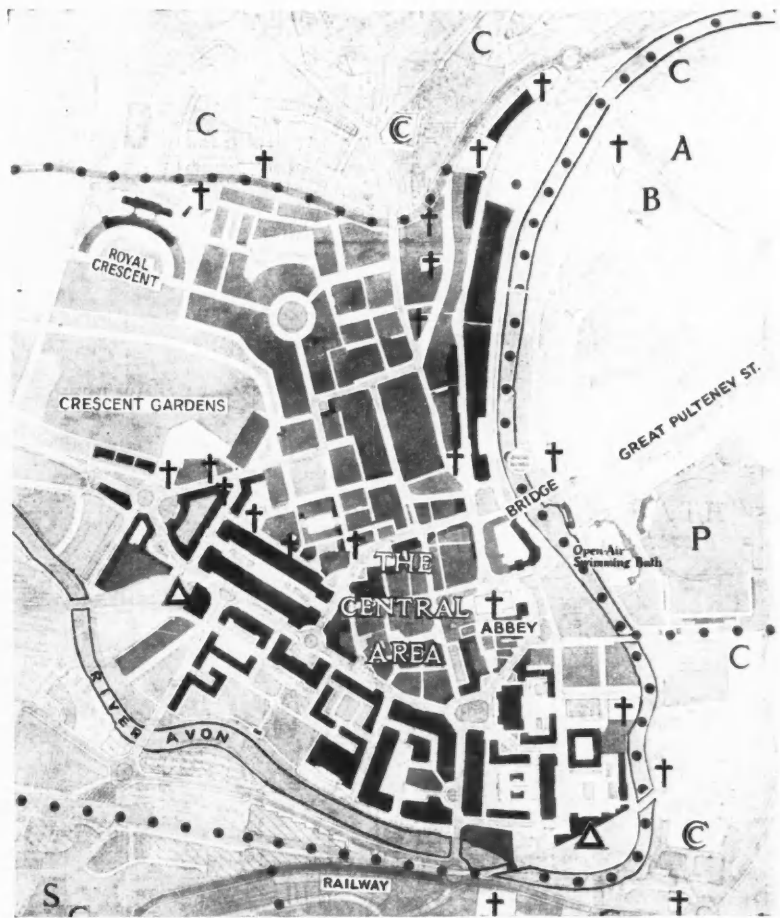
Through roads and walks are dotted, proposed new buildings or major adaptations are shaded dark. Community Centres are marked C

areas that the 20th-century planners have most to offer to the city of the future.

North of the Guildhall and the western approach to Pulteney Bridge an open space, with St. Michael's and a new Market Hall at one end (Fig. 1), leads to a new riverside road running to Cleveland Bridge along a now squalid and neglected reach. Another such reach below Old Bridge will also have its embankment; set back from it will be the new and spacious health and research centre and National Hospital for Rheumatic Diseases (top of Fig. 3). North of the Hospital comes Kingsmead (middle of Fig. 3), the worst bombed tract of Bath and the largest area free for complete re-development. Here the plan includes a large, perhaps over-ambitious, shopping district. The ruins of Holy Trinity and much unbombed "Utility" Georgian property would be pulled down to make way for the long shopping blocks and a new Technical College at the west end of the vista.

Between the Great Western Station and the Abbey (Fig. 2), the Plan provides for great improvements. Nearest to the railway a Central bus station leads on to a large, badly needed Concert Hall, the ruins of St. James's being cleared on the side to make an open space, that on the other leading to Banvers Street and a sunk garden, to lie between South Parade and a new block of hotels, shown in a sketch as a Neo-Georgian copy of the elder Wood's North and South Parade block. In the streets leading down to Old Bridge the shops would be partly replaced by an extension to the Pump Room.

However long and costly its fulfilment, the Plan presents a superb opportunity and challenge to modern, not merely to Neo-Georgian, architects. It is admittedly tentative; many details, including some demolitions, are open to criticism and possibly to alteration. Some features may be otherwise worked out with the rub of local custom and the passage of time. Yet the Plan, less far reaching than at Plymouth or Hull, is a fine conception, respectfully studying the past and the full future of Bath, and worthy of the lovely City which has itself done so much to inspire it.



## DIN FROM THE SMITHY

By GARRY HOGG

THE ring of hammer on anvil has dominated this cottage of mine ever since I came to live here, two years ago. I am awakened by it every morning; it is a background to my work throughout the day; it ceases only with the coming of night and the drawing of blinds. Once every village had its smithy, with the wheelwright's shop hard by, and the ancient magic of iron and fire was practised day in and day out by men of solid muscle and few words. But now these smithies are closed, or have become garages, and what magic there is left belongs to the arc-welder; so that I count myself fortunate to be within earshot of anvil music.

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I have learnt by now to recognise the different notes that can be struck by the same hammer. To within a little I can tell just what stage in the fashioning of a horse-shoe has been reached, simply by the change of note. If it is dull and heavy, then the iron is still soft; if clearer, then the iron has hardened. The process of curving the metal round the beak of the anvil offers a different sound from that of flattening it on the dented surface worn smooth by generations of hammers and swage-blocks. The hammer on the punch, striking the seven square holes for the nails, gives a different note again. Sometimes there is the heavier thud-thud which tells me that the master-smith's striker has gone to work with the fourteen-pound sledge. Alternating with that dull sound is the ringing bell-note of the smith's own lighter hammer. It was this sound that the old poet had in mind when, six hundred years ago, he wrote of the "swarte, smekkyd smeth smatteryd with smok" who "towcheth a treble": for thus do all master-smiths keep their strikers' blows in time to this day.

The same poet wrote that no man might have any peace while such hammering went on.

Yet I would not have it otherwise. The smithy I write of is so near my cottage that a north-east wind unfailingly brings to my window the sweet-acrid fumes of burning hoof. The dull rumble as of very distant thunder, which is the bellows under pressure, reaches me on the same wind, though it will not carry against one from the west. Wagoners waiting in the pent-house call out to me. When I am cramped at my desk I can always go and limber myself up by taking a turn at the horn-tipped bellows-handle. So, I should miss the activities across the way if they ceased to be.

Yet, only a day or two ago there fell a curious stillness on the air. It was some time before I realised that from breakfast-time onwards there had been no sound from the smithy. Looking across the road I saw the double doors closed and the feather of blue-grey smoke that usually hangs above the forge vanished in the light mist. There was no waiting cart-horse tethered in the pent-house, no wagoner propped against the wall; it was evident that the smith had been called away.

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During the next eight hours I became aware of what I had missed for so long owing to the incessant clang-clang on the anvil. New sounds thrust themselves on my consciousness. The homely creak of an ancient wicker chair in which I habitually spend half an hour with my paper and a pipe after breakfast: it righted itself so slowly, with so many apparent signs of distress, that even by mid-morning there was still from time to time a spasmodic creak of complaint. In the paddock underneath my west window a cow has occupied the same corner for a week or so, being too lame to accompany the rest of the herd to their pasture. I have watched her contentedly chewing massive stalks of kale, and had always thought her dumb. But I found that she, too, made that satisfying crunch-crunching sound that such

beasts alone can make. Downstairs in the kitchen somebody was humming softly, preparing lunch: I had hardly realised that she hummed to herself as she worked.

It was only next morning, when the smithy came to life again, that I realised how completely one can be dominated by one particular sound. For some of us it is the clatter and whirr of machinery; for others the bustle of an office; for others again, who probably think themselves lucky to spend the greater part of their time at home, the unremitting voice of a loud-speaker kept unthinkingly at work from first thing in the morning till all too late at night.

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We may be tempted to say that we can become accustomed in time to any persistent sound. That is so. Workers can converse in clear whispers amid the tumult of steel-works and the shattering clatter of riveters' yards; but while there remains that one dominating sound something must inevitably be lost that we cannot well afford to lose. The little homely sounds that lurk about us: these matter. The crackle of the newly-lit fire, the bubble of water in pipes, the purring of the kettle on the hob, the distant train whistle, the gentle patter of rain on the window or the restlessness of wind in denuded branches. These are sounds that make up a right background to our lives, and it is wrong that we should forfeit them.

The smith is at work again. The texture of sound that I so recently discovered for myself has vanished and only the ghosts of what was woven into it remain. Though it does not obtrude itself unduly, I hear only the anvil ringing. It has become once more a background that excludes all else. Because of it the other, homelier sounds have fled. Not until the double doors close at nightfall and the smith's leather apron is hung on the nail by the bellows, will they return.



1.—THE NORTH, ENTRANCE, FRONT. The hall occupies the middle section with the oval *entresol* windows

## GODMERSHAM PARK, KENT—II

THE HOME OF MR. AND MRS. ROBERT TRITTON

*The Hall and Drawing-room decorated for Thomas May about 1735 are notable applications of the style of William Kent, choicely and appropriately furnished.*

By CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY

**T**HOMAS BRODNAX, who took his mother's name of May in 1727, is stated to have rebuilt Godmersham in 1732. As he lived till 1781, he must have been still a youngish man at the time, though old enough to be High Sheriff in 1729. Even though the house, as originally built, was of less extent than at present—

he added the long wings that protract the front a few years before his death—it seems that his initial project was somewhat in excess of the combined Brodnax and May resources, since he fully decorated only the two principal rooms: the entrance hall (Fig. 3) facing north and the drawing-room adjoining it to the east (Fig. 9). These are of

such superb quality, and so thoroughly representative of the taste of the 1730s, that it is unlikely that the simplicity of the remainder, as he left them, was intentional. His omissions have now, after two centuries been made good with discriminating care by the present owners, as was illustrated last week with regard to the exterior and will appear in the other rooms to be illustrated in a third article. But the decoration of hall and drawing-room is almost exactly as he left them.

Godmersham's charm consists to a great extent in its having been conceived on the relatively modest scale of a country gentleman's house but executed, so far as it was completed, with the fastidiousness of the greatest houses of the period—the age of Holkham, Houghton, and Wentworth

Woodhouse. The distinction of the design makes it the more aggravating that the name of the architect is not preserved. Last week Roger Morris, architect to the Earl of Pembroke and Dukes of Richmond and Argyll, was mentioned as showing in his identified work the refinement seen in Godmersham, but it was remarked that the design for the house was probably obtained from its author and executed by Thomas May himself. The decoration was no doubt arranged on the same principle, a leading London firm being commissioned to do particular rooms by the owner.

The hall, as was usual in houses of the period, was the most impressive room in the house, and as such decorated in the Palladian fashion presided over by Lord Burlington and William Kent. But unlike the majority of these majestic halls that occupy two storeys in the middle of the house, this one is carried up only about 20 ft., leaving space for rooms of usable height above it. Three oval windows, which are a charming feature of the façade, light the upper part and are worked into the decoration of the frieze. Indeed the depth of the frieze, and its decoration with a succession of medallions of Roman emperors, cartouches, and coats of arms, was no doubt prompted by the need to work these windows into the scheme. On the inner wall the place of the lights is taken by three shields of Thomas May's arms in enriched frames of similar design to those of the windows. That in the centre, above the inner doorway (Fig. 6), is of May quartering Brodnax; the flanking shields are occupied by these bearings separately. This doorway, opposite to and identical with the entrance, is of the kind freely used by Gibbs at, for instance, Ditchley and the Octagon of Orleans House, Twickenham, where boys recline on the slopes of the pediment. The tympanum of the arch is filled with a flat version of the shell design found in the hall alcove (Fig. 4). A curious feature of Godmersham, as finished by Thomas May, was that



2.—THE HALL CHIMNEYPiece





3.—THE HALL AND FRONT DOOR. (The oval windows in the frieze are blacked out)

the space corresponding to the hall on the south front, into which this door opens and which would customarily have been the saloon, was in fact occupied in part by the staircase. It has now been altered to its correct use and the staircase put elsewhere. It almost seems that, in the building of the house by May, the legendary omission of a staircase actually came near to taking place, so that the saloon had to be sacrificed to accommodate it.

One result of this arrangement was that doors were required in the inner wall of the hall to give access to the spaces on each side of the staircase, so that, as it was originally, the hall had three doors in its inner wall and only one in each end wall—next to the outer wall. This has now been corrected so that in Figs. 3 and 4 the central feature is properly balanced between doorways. The chimneypiece (Fig. 2), executed in carved and painted wood, has a plaster relief after the antique almost exactly the same as that in a similar position in the Stone Hall at Houghton, carved in marble by Rysbrack after a Roman original. At the other end the position is occupied by a niche containing an attractive but much later figure. The head of the alcove is moulded as a shell.

The ceiling is divided into rectangular compartments by beams enriched with stucco fruit and flowers. The floor has its original stone flags with insets of black marble. The furnishing is provided by appropriately magnificent gilt pieces—marble-topped side-tables, and a very fine suite of gilt gesso splat-backed chairs. On either side of the front door is a pair of superb ormolu candelabra with greyhounds *sejant* round the base, formerly at Clumber. They stand on contemporary Coade stone pedestals formed of three supporting female figures.

Jane Austen often stayed at Godmersham with her brother Edward when, having

been adopted by the builder's son, he succeeded to the place at the end of the century. Perhaps she had this hall in mind when she described the antiquated glories of Sotherton, in *Mansfield Park*, as comprising

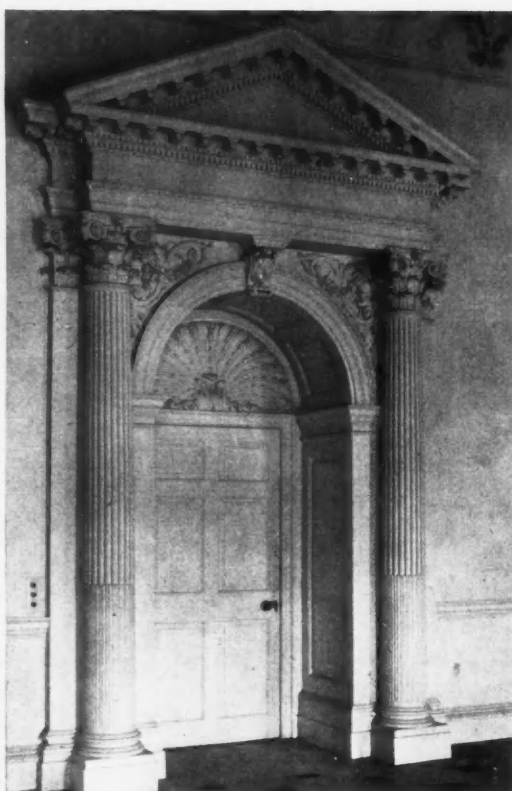
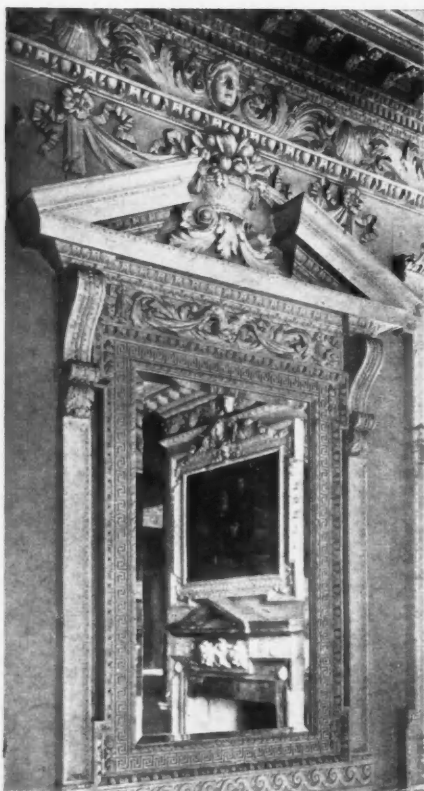
a number of rooms, all lofty and many large, and amply furnished in the taste of fifty years back, with shining floors, solid mahogany, rich damask, gilding and carving, each handsome in its way.

The drawing-room (Fig. 9) is square,

with three doors, and has an exceedingly rich decoration in carved and painted wood. The walls, painted white, are lined with flush-surfaced wood as a background to enriched door and window cases, drops, and overdoor compositions of carved pine, and a voluptuous frieze in which female masks alternate with scallop shells among acanthus scrolls. The character of the decoration is well seen in Fig. 5, of the between-window mirror, and of



4.—THE EAST END OF THE HALL, AND DOOR TO THE DRAWING-ROOM



(Left) 5.—BETWEEN-WINDOW MIRROR IN DRAWING-ROOM. The detail of the overmantel frame is similar; carved pine painted white. (Middle) 6.—INNER DOOR OF HALL TO PRESENT SALOON. (Right) 7.—DOORWAY IN DRAWING-ROOM



8.—DINING-ROOM FIREPLACE

From 15, Queen's Square, Bath. Portrait of Miss May by Michael Wright

the doorway from the hall (Fig. 7). The compositions over the doors centre in a basket of fruit; musical instruments, fruit and flowers compose the drops; and the doors are contained in duplicated entablatures. Even so the room is considerably simpler than it was originally, when the fret pattern with egg-and-tongue frame of the mirrors was repeated to frame full-length portraits on every available wall-space, which, in place of portraits, were latterly filled with looking-glass. The effect of seeing the overloaded decoration reflected *ad infinitum* at every angle is said to have been disturbing; whereas, of course, the designer evidently intended his exuberance to be offset by the dark tones and absorbent surfaces of paintings, to which the wall-treatment was but a continuous framework. However, the mirrors and frames have been replaced by plainer mouldings, with the exception of the one between the windows, and that over the chimney-piece which has been relieved of a clustered cresting of scallops and acanthus (seen in the reflection in Fig. 5, which is an old photograph). The doorway seen in Fig. 9 has also been moved from the other side of the fireplace, in accord with the re-arrangement of the plan of the house. The chimney-piece, of dark veined marble with a frieze and ornaments of sculptured Carrara marble, is reminiscent of larger ones in the saloon and velvet bedroom at Houghton. Indeed the whole room is full of ideas deriving from William Kent, if lacking his artistic control in their arrangement.

The present furnishing of the drawing-room, largely of the period of the room, leaves nothing to be desired in its fine quality and rich authentic colouring. The carpet is an English Aubusson with an octagonal centre, in which the predominant colours are sap green and magenta. The chairs include a winged chair about 1720, covered with superb contemporary *petit point*, a stool, with gilt paw feet and Indian masks on the knees, c. 1735, and a set of lacquered and gilt chairs with cane filling to their splatted backs, and elaborately scrolled tops, about 1720.

The dining-room (Fig. 10) corresponding to the drawing-room on the south front is in the part of the house recently rebuilt. With Georgian green walls, its chief feature is a remarkable set of Soho chinoiserie tapestries (one broad and two narrower panels) resembling the set at Yale University. Various oriental groups and episodes are disposed on islands with stylised vegetation floating on a black ground and receding upwards into the distance, the effect being probably inspired by Coromandel lacquer screens. Below the broader panel rests a marble-topped sideboard of Kent type and majestic proportions. The chimney-piece, of





#### 9.—THE DRAWING-ROOM. ORIGINAL DECORATION IN THE STYLE OF WILLIAM KENT

Flush boarded walls painted white and enriched with carved wood decoration. English Aubusson carpet in sap green and magenta

veined white marble (Fig. 8), is interesting as having come from John Wood's house at Bath, 15, Queen's Square. In view, however, of its close resemblance to chimney-pieces at Rousham and 31, Old Burlington Street, associated with William Kent and the London statuary, it is probably of London make and closely contemporary with the building of Godmersham.

The portrait over the fireplace is of Miss May by Michael Wright, the Scottish painter of Charles II's reign whom Pepys compared unfavourably with Lely and who was eclipsed by Kneller, but who to our eyes so palpably excels either. He was particularly expert in rendering the texture and sheen of draperies, which in this case are of a lovely yellow—very effective in this green room with so much gilt in the furniture. The portrait is of particular interest since the lady, of whom no further particulars are known, may well be one of the May family, related to Baptist May and Hugh May the architect, and to Sir Thomas, who in 1727 bequeathed his name and estate to Thomas Brodnax, the builder of Godmersham.

(To be concluded.)



#### 10.—THE DINING-ROOM

Georgian green walls, panels of Soho tapestry with chinoiserie on a black ground

# HOW BIRDS TAKE OFF AND LAND

By FRANK W. LANE

ONE of our leading aeronautical experts once told me that, from his point of view, one of the most interesting aspects of bird flight was how a bird lands. With a bird this manoeuvre is accomplished when aerial control is greatest; with an aeroplane control is at a minimum during landing. Another important difference between the two is that whereas a bird lands in a minimum of space without any run an aeroplane normally needs an aerodrome and several hundred yards of runway before it comes to a standstill.

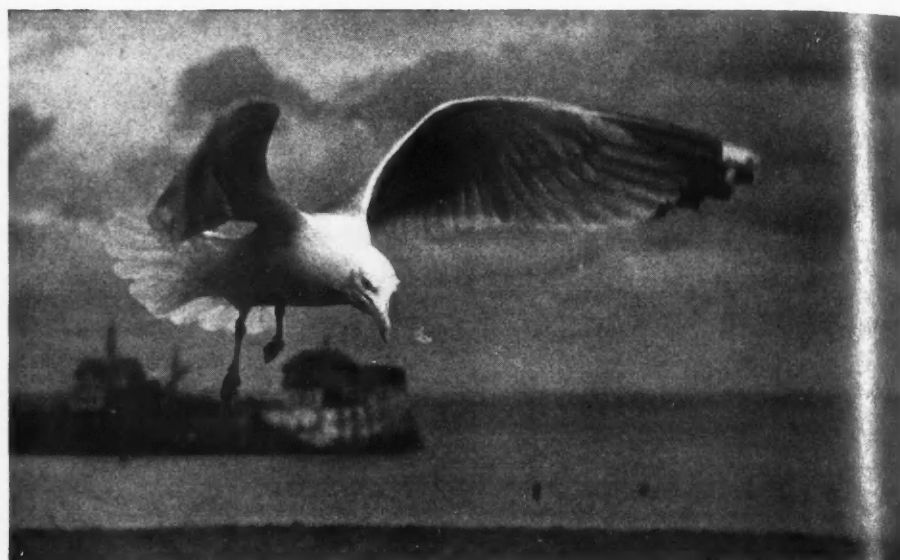
This expert said he would very much like to see a high-speed film made of a bird coming in to land and then suddenly frightened so that it resumed its flight. He thought a study of what exactly took place to wings, tail and body during these split-seconds would provide interesting material on avian aerodynamics which might well prove of considerable value to the student of aeronautics.

I am not aware that any such film has been made, but some very good still photographs have been taken of both the take-off and landing of birds. Moreover, although not a great deal has been written on these subjects, a number of observations have been put on record which give a fairly good picture of what takes place.

One of the most interesting facts discovered about the take-off is that it needs a relatively enormous amount of energy; according to some writers five times that of normal flight. One of the native methods of catching weak-flying birds is based on this fact. The birds are continually chased so that they have to make short flights without respite. Eventually the energy expended in continually taking-off causes them to remain panting on the ground, when the wily natives catch them easily.

One of the most powerful flyers is the racing pigeon; its pectoral muscles (those actuating the wings) weigh about a quarter of its entire body. Yet if one of these expert flyers is made to rise and fly for a short distance several times in quick succession it will at last remain panting on the ground.

Some light is thrown on the high energy expenditure of the take-off by some high-speed films of pigeons made in Italy before the war



F. D. T. Bennett

A GULL SLOWING DOWN IN MID-AIR

by G. Guidi. In analysing the films he found that when the bird had a forward speed of only 13 m.p.h. (i.e. just after the take-off) its wings were beating so fast and with such a wide amplitude that the wing-tips were moving at a speed of 50 m.p.h.!

The same amount of energy would not, of course, be required for birds which take off from elevated positions and fly into the wind. Such an assisted take-off enables the bird to lose height and thus gain speed for horizontal flight. In fact some birds are incapable of becoming air-borne without such assistance. Throw a puffin into the air and the odds are it will be incapable of flying more than a few yards. But taking-off from a cliff-edge into the wind it has no difficulty in flying as far as it wants. With this in mind, by the way, it has been suggested that the aerodromes of the future will consist of elevated landing and take-off platforms, possibly built over the centres of large cities.

A bird rarely takes off without facing the wind. The great importance of the direction of the wind in enabling it to become air-borne was demonstrated in an experiment of that pioneer investigator of bird flight, Otto Lilienthal. He constructed a long cage, open at the top and at both ends. He placed it at various angles to the wind and released the storks inside.

He found that when the cage faced downwind the birds raced down it with the wind blowing up their tails, in a vain effort to take off. When free of the cage they turned round into the wind and then took off. When the cage faced up-wind the storks almost immediately took off and rose over the top of the cage.

When birds are feeding they generally face the wind and are thus ready for a rapid take-off. C. Horton-Smith in his book *The Flight of Birds* says he has watched hundreds of gulls nesting on the tops of rocks change their positions with the changing winds so as always to face up-wind. While it is possible that this may be due partly to the birds' dislike of having their feathers ruffled, it is probably due as well to the desire to be in the best position for a quick take-off.

The slots in the wings of

birds have been the subject of considerable study. It is generally agreed that their function is to increase the efficiency of the wing, and it has been pointed out that birds with poorly shaped wings (from an aerodynamic point of view) have the greatest number of slots. The wings of pheasant and partridge, for example, are both highly slotted.

These slots appear to play an important part in the take-off of some species. The slots are spread to maximum width during both take-off and landing. The highly slotted wings



JOS. A. SPEED'S REMARKABLE HIGH-SPEED PHOTOGRAPH OF A SWALLOW "PUTTING ON THE BRAKES"

of both pheasant and partridge probably bear some relation to their habit of waiting, when danger threatens, until the last moment and then exploding from the ground with tremendous acceleration.

There is a wide variation in the way in which different species take off. No one who has watched a swan rise from the surface of a river or lake when the air is comparatively calm can have failed to notice what a long and laborious process it is. The powerfully beating wings and fast paddling feet churn air and water for a considerable time before the huge body is air-borne.

Yet other comparatively heavy birds are able to take off in a very short time. White-fronted geese are so powerful on the wing that they can rise almost perpendicularly from the ground. Some species of teal can shoot almost vertically upwards from the surface of the water. In fact this ability has been suggested as the origin of the noun of assembly, "spring," as applied to a company of teal.

One of the most interesting observations



U.S. Bureau of Biological Survey

AN AMERICAN EGRET TAKES OFF WITH WINGS SPREAD TO THE FULLEST EXTENT AND TAIL FULLY FANNED



I have read concerning the take-off of birds occurs in Prof. A. Magnan's *Le Vol des Oiseaux et le Vol des Avions* (1931). He says the frigate bird, which has an extremely long, forked tail, is reported to have been seen to rise suddenly without any perceptible motion of its wings but with its remarkably shaped tail spread wide out. Presumably the wings were similarly spread. In this connection it is of interest to note that in this position the bird's tail would probably act like the Fowler flap on an aeroplane; that is, it would give a larger surface, increase in camber and slot-effect causing higher lift to the wing.

A take-off of a very different type is that effected by humming-birds. Examination of high-speed films of the ruby-throated humming-bird has shown that its tiny wings, beating at some 70 beats per second, have already launched its body into flight before it leaves its perch. The take off was timed to last 0.02 seconds and the perch was seen to be pulled after the bird for a little distance.

Confirmation of this remarkable fact, that the humming-bird is in flight before its feet leave its perch, is found in the white-ear humming-bird's method of rising from its nest. Most birds when leaving the nest step off the eggs and take-off from the rim of the nest. But the white-ear, while still sitting on the eggs, spreads its wings, vibrates them rapidly and rises directly into the air. Sometimes it flies upward and backward until clear of the nest and then quickly reverses, shoots forward and in an instant is away.

Some of the diving birds have been observed to emerge from the water with their wings already flapping. Rooks take a little run and then jump into the air, their wide vanes giving lift at the same time. A snipe crouches on doubled legs and catapults its four-ounce body into the air in one motion. A woodcock adopts a similar method, but when alarmed it sometimes gives such an energetic spring that it turns head over feet and has to give itself another shove off when it lands.

Horton-Smith thus describes, in general terms, how a bird lands.

The gentle landing of a bird is the outcome of the adjustments of the body, wings, tail and legs. As the bird descends through the air towards the prospective landing-place it will suddenly incline its body to the path of descent; this it accomplishes by the lowering of the hind-quarters. At the same time the wings are outstretched, the tail is spread fan-wise and bent downwards, and the legs are stretched to their fullest extent in readiness for landing.

The angle of descent of a landing bird depends largely on its loading. The soaring birds are lightly loaded, and their angle of descent is less steep than that of the heavily

loaded ducks and game birds. Birds quite commonly descend at an angle of 40 degrees, the necessary lift being obtained by the stepped-down primaries at the wing-tip and the downwardly directed tail.

As a bird lands it often helps to break the strain on its legs by a vigorous "back-peddalling" flap of its wings. Another landing manoeuvre which is often seen is a kind of side-slip. The bird rolls over on to one wing-tip and side-slips rapidly to earth. Rooks, especially on a windy day, can often be seen doing a side-slip landing.

It is during the split-seconds of landing that the alula or bastard wing is brought into full operation. The alula is composed of one main feather overlaid for strength and thickness with several smaller feathers. It has nerves and, when its small size is considered, a surprising number of muscles of its own. The alula is not found on all birds' wings, and it varies in structure with different species of varying flight habits.

The function of the alula is to act as an anti-stalling device. It traps part of the air-stream which passes over the wing and causes it to flow over the upper surface in such a way that it smooths out any eddies which may tend to form there and might otherwise cause the bird to stall. It has been said that when a fledgeling bird first leaves the nest the alula is the only part of its flying equipment which is fully developed. The similarity between the alula and the Handley Page anti-stalling slotted-wing device on aeroplanes has frequently been pointed out.

According to the late Commander R. R. Graham, who made several notable contributions to the mechanics of bird flight, another very important factor in enabling birds to land safely at steep angles is the flexibility and power to "give" of their wings. In 1936 he wrote:

Whenever there is a tendency for a wing to be presented to the air at too great an angle, such as would bring on the disastrous "stall," the weak rear edge of the wing gives way and the angle is automatically reduced. . . . Parts of birds' wings undoubtedly do stall on occasions, as photographs show; but the tips, which give control,

seldom, if ever do, owing to their flexibility.

In comparison with aeroplanes it is very rare for a bird to make a bad landing, but it does occur sometimes. I have seen a photograph of a cormorant which had evidently intended to land on the limb of a tree. It missed and as a result nearly strangled itself in a crotch of the tree!

Richard E. Bishop, an American painter of wildfowl who has taken high-speed films of crash or near-crash landings by ducks, writes: Ducks crash just as planes do when some unexpected air condition is encountered. I have a picture of a widgeon coming into decoys in a corner of a pond surrounded by cypress trees. As the duck turned into the wind to pitch among the decoys, some change in the wind direction, or a down draft, caused the duck, when three feet above the water completely to lose its balance and fall head first into the water.

One film sequence shows two mallards flying into decoys. The leading bird apparently flew into an air pocket, for the film shows the bird losing its balance, rolling over on its back and flying upside down for several wing-beats. The second bird, following quickly, went through similar aerial gymnastics.



Allan D. Cruickshank

**A GANNET COMES IN TO LAND. PHOTOGRAPHED AGAINST THE SUN THE BIRD APPEARS ALMOST TRANSPARENT**



**A FROWN PELICAN ALIGHTS ON ITS NEST. THE DROPPED BODY, WIDE-SPREAD TAIL AND WEBBED FEET ARE ALL ACTING AS BRAKES. (Right) A STORK ABOUT TO ALIGHT. NOTICE THE SLOTTED WINGS AT THE WRISTS FULLY SPREAD.**

# ANNUALS FOR SUMMER COLOUR

**C**ONDITIONS during the last few years have done a great deal to focus the attention of gardeners on the virtues of all plants of an annual persuasion and particularly those kinds that come under the wide embrace of the term hardy annuals. The need to concentrate on the production of vegetables and fruit has meant less time for the growing of herbaceous plants, and those who wished to combine some sort of floral display with the vegetable crops and provide an air of refreshing beauty have found the hardy annuals of inestimable value.

Before the war, with the increasing popularity of trees and shrubs and more permanent material, there was a tendency among a certain class of gardener to neglect the annuals. This was a mistake. The group as a whole possesses too many admirable qualities to be overlooked, especially by those who strive for colour effect and picturesque displays in their borders throughout Summer and Autumn. The annuals' accommodating ways, generosity of flowers,

range of bright and brilliant colourings, economical cost and temporary nature are all qualities that should appeal to the gardener in war-time, and this season, when other plants are in short supply, and probably a little more of the garden space is being devoted to flowers, chief reliance should be placed on them for the Summer display. The war has thinned their ranks considerably owing to the difficulties in the way of raising crops for seed and the importing of seed of kinds grown abroad, but generally speaking the season's seed lists offer a fairly extensive choice, and gardeners should have no difficulty in obtaining sufficient kinds to meet their requirements.

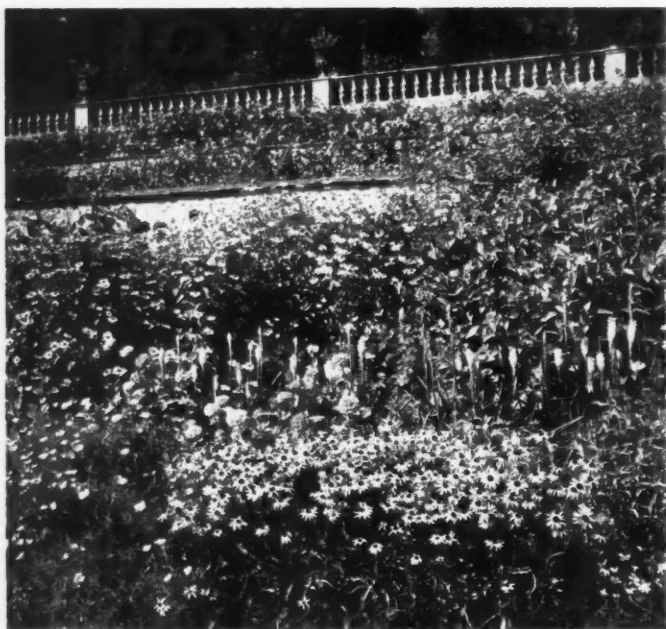
Their temporary nature is an advantage in many ways in the winter garden and enables them to be used in many odd corners to furnish colour and bloom during the Summer or early Autumn. To the ingenious-minded they afford plenty of scope for ringing the changes in decorative arrangements and the majority are suitable for borders and beds, some are suitable for the rock garden and others for wild and woodland places, and a few of the climbing kinds are admirable for providing a temporary screen on trellis or wall.

They are all quite simple in their wants,

make good strong plants. Whether seeds are sown under glass or in the open border, it is essential that sowing should be done thinly and that the seedlings should be thinned as soon as they can be conveniently handled between finger and thumb. Once weather conditions are reasonably genial and the ground is in a fairly good state, at least sufficiently workable to give a good surface tilth, seed sowing should be put in hand, a start being made if possible with the hardy kinds about the end of next month and following with the tender varieties two or three weeks later.

The claims of such well-known and decidedly popular annuals as the godetias and clarkias, the larkspurs, eschscholtzias, marigolds, viscaria and poppies to a place in border and beds needs no emphasis. There are several varieties to choose from in each. With such kinds as Sweetheart and Sybil Sherwood among godetias, and Glorious, Apple Blossom and Vesuvius in clarkias, an eschscholtzia like the Mikado and marigolds such as Radio, Orange King and Chrysanthia no one will go far wrong. For those who do not want named kinds there are mixtures available, and these provide as fine a show as could be wished.

Those in search of blue flowers can take their pick from such lovely things as the old love-in-the-mist, *Nigella Miss Jekyll*, the bright blue *Phacelia Campanularia* and *Nemophila insignis*. The annual lupin, *L. Hartwegii*, is also worth having, as well as the annual anchusa and its close relative the beautiful turquoise blue *Cynoglossum* which will flower



ZINNIAS, ESCHSCHOLTZIAS AND RUDBECKIAS IN THE LATE SUMMER BORDER



A BORDER IN THE GARDEN AT WEST HORSLEY, CONSISTING ALMOST ENTIRELY OF HARDY AND HALF-HARDY ANNUALS. Marigolds, statice and salvias play a dominant role



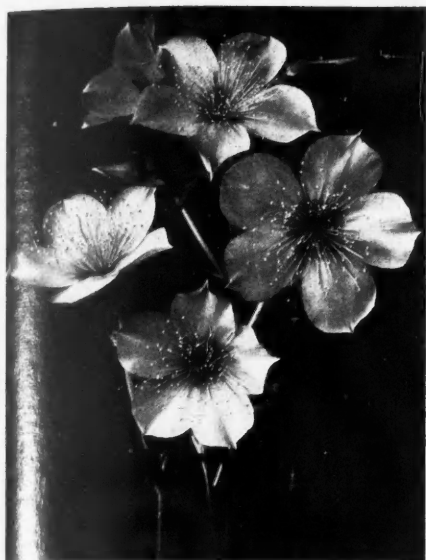
EDGING OF HARDY ANNUALS TO THE SUMMER BORDER  
Candytuft, viscaria and clarkias afford a fine display

and, if they have ground that has been well prepared and adequately enriched, there should be no risk of disappointments if they are handled carefully in their young stages and given sufficient room to develop into robust and healthy plants. More often than not, failure with annuals can be traced to the prevalent habit of too thick sowing and lateness in thinning out the seedlings, with the result that they become thin and drawn and never

freely all the Summer from a sowing made outdoors about mid-April. If these are not enough, there are still the cornflowers, the blue strain of viscaria, the annual blue flax and the blue and mauve strains of annual larkspurs.

For furnishing dry and sunny places, there is a host of attractive annuals to choose from, all hailing from California or South Africa. The Californian poppies or eschscholtzias have pride of place in the list of sun-worshippers, for they are unsurpassed in richness of colouring and are as easy to please as they are beautiful. Next to them in merit come the South African daisies, the dimorphothecas and ursinias. Of the former the rich orange *D. aurantiaca* and its hybrids in a mixture of orange and lemon yellow shades is first-class, and the same can be said of the brilliant orange *Ursinia anethoides*. The golden yellow *Bartonia aurea* from California is an excellent annual for a sunny situation, and like that other Californian *Layia elegans* with toothed blossoms of canary yellow





(Left) GOLDEN YELLOW BORTONIA AUREA FROM CALIFORNIA

An excellent annual for a sunny situation

(Right) GODETIA SYBIL SHERWOOD, one of the indispensables among hardy annuals



which are also demanded by the equally uncommon *Thunbergia elata*, a trailing half-hardy beauty with dark-edged yellow, buff and apricot flowers.

For background effect in a border, there are few annuals to beat the beautiful mallow called *Lavatera Loveliness*, whose flowers are of a fine shade of pink. It associates very well with delphiniums and anemones, as well as with the purple *Salvia virgata*. Then there are the annual sunflowers, the annual rudbeckias and the handsome poppies invaluable for their heads of rich colouring. Their cousins, the Shirley poppies, deserve a place nearer the front, where the annual chrysanthemums, the annual coreopsis, linarias, mignonette, candytuft, gaillardias, the annual gypsophila and the beautiful golden yellow *Leptosyne Stillmani* should also find room.

At the other end in scale of size comes the common balsam *Impatiens grandiflora* with eight-foot high stems crowned with white and pink flowers. It looks well in woodland surroundings, where the annual datura *D. Cornucopia* about 2 to 3 feet high is also worth growing. The pretty canary creeper *Tropaeolum canariense* with bright pale yellow flowers is perhaps the best-known of the climbing annuals

and is admirable for providing a temporary screen on a wall or trellis work. There are several others like the beautiful *Ipomoea rubrocarulea* with blossoms of exquisite blue; the equally lovely *Maurandia Barclayana* and the deep violet flowered *Cobaea scandens*, which are all on the tender side and suitable for only warm and sunny positions, as well as the hardy Japanese hop, *Humulus japonicus*, that are well worth the attention of those in search of material to provide quick and temporary screens.

G. C. TAYLOR.

## ON GIVING UP A Golf Commentary by BERNARD DARWIN

WHO are the mysterious people who, according to the advertisements which I read daily, are prepared to sell me a series of numbered irons, with a wooden club or two and sometimes a bag thrown in, for more money than I ever possessed? Who if any are the "mugs" who buy them? The last is, however, but a supplementary question. It is the sellers as to whom I feel curious. They may be sinister figures from the black market travestied by false whiskers or blue spectacles, but that seems hardly likely. They may simply be persons who, like most of us, wish to turn an honest penny. Again they may have determined—and this is what makes me anxious—to give up golf once and for all. The offer of a bag has an ominous sound. Some years ago I was playing at Addington and, in timid apology for my bag, which was in the last stages of disintegration, said to my caddie that I meant to buy a new one. He replied that he thought the old one would last me as long as I could play golf. It depressed me at the moment, but I cheered up and bought the new bag nevertheless.

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To-day I am not merely depressed by these offers but by the letters I get from my friends. They one and all protest that they have not played for years. One, a very good player indeed, says that hitting an old ball into a thick heather bush and then hunting for it for ages does not amuse him in the least and that he seriously doubts whether he will ever begin again. Another says that he cannot walk there and back and carry his own clubs. Both of them live near famous courses and their remarks, even though they be not taken at the foot of the letter, are yet symptomatic. I believe that there is a very large number of people who from lack of heart for it or lack of transport or lack of golf balls have got almost entirely out of the way of playing the game. I myself have not hit a ball since September and before that I had not played on a real golf course, as distinguished from practice shots in a field, for two mortal years. I have a certain amount of confidence in myself because, despite disabilities, I do not believe I have the power, however wise it might

be, to give up the game, but as to some of these others I really and truly do feel anxious. About our young warriors there need not be this particular anxiety; they will come back to the links all the keener, but their elders, who were already getting a little lazy before the war, may refuse, like poor Mrs. Dombey, to make an effort.

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It does require a certain effort to start again, the more so because we are not used to it. It was otherwise with cricket and football, which each had its appointed season. It was natural to put away the well-oiled bat and get horribly stiff over the first game of football in the Winter term and *vice versa*; but golf in this country we never wholly give up. I have sometimes wondered whether in this respect the Americans are not more enviable than we are in having a close season. Save for those who go south in the Winter there comes a snowy time when clubs must be put away. On my first visit to the United States I played a round with a very good golfer on a Chicago course and can still remember the tone in which he spoke of beginning again in the Spring time, the joy of playing once more mingled with the agony of restlessness till he could break 80. There is a freshness of enthusiasm about that which the British player does not often taste; he does not take a long enough rest. Young Tommy Morris used to say that he could not understand how Mr. Mitchell Innes, when playing as fine a game as anyone had ever played, could bear to go away to the highlands in pursuit of "a when stinking beasts" and then "come back no able to hit a ball." That is the opposite point of view to that of my Chicago friend, due no doubt to different climate and circumstances.

I have been trying to think of any distinguished golfers who have habitually or indeed ever given up the game for really long periods, except in war-time, and the only one who comes into my head is Mr. Edward Blackwell in his youth. Then he would disappear into California for several years and never see or touch a club, since that was in days before the great American golfing empire had arisen. He would return to win a St. Andrews medal and play great matches with Freddie Tait, Andrew

Kirkaldy and Willie Auchterlonie and then leave his clubs behind him and return to the wilderness. I suppose he might have been an even better player than he was—he could scarcely have driven farther—had it not been for those long blank gaps, but at any rate he did not lose his keenness. However, he was young then and these depressing creatures who talk of never playing again are past the first flush. For such as them it is a great thing not to have an interregnum, as witness the schoolmasters who go on playing football and playing very well too when they are more than old enough to know better.

That there can be good and valid reasons for giving up golf I am not prepared to deny. A much-loved relation of mine, now dead, gave it up under peculiar circumstances. He was suddenly attacked by a strange disease of the golfing nerves; he could get his club up to the top of the swing with his usual painstaking and elaborate swing but once there it stuck; not all the King's horses and all the King's men could get it down again. Like Horatius he "twice and three times tugged amain," and when, as happened sometimes, the club-head did come down at last, it did so in a series of jerks and the ball trickled along the ground for an inconsiderable distance. Thereupon with perfect serenity he put his clubs away for ever and he was probably wise.

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He, to be sure, had no brilliant golfing past to look back upon with the bitterness of contrast, and it is not as to such as he, not as to the rank and file that I am afraid but rather as to those who have been really good golfers. The former do not suffer from such sensitive feelings and for them, moreover, hope springs eternal; it is possible even for an octogenarian to have his handicap reduced, if only it be high enough to begin with. It is otherwise with such as have once been somewhere near the top of the tree but have now for some time been tumbling down it branch by branch. I once asked one of the greatest of cricketers whether he ever played nowadays and he answered: "No. I don't play so well as I used to and I don't like it." That was an answer compelling

admiration by its complete honesty, and it represents, I imagine, the feeling of a number of golfers. For a good many years towards the end of his life John Low lived hard by the course at Woking. He took the greatest possible interest in the new bunkers; he was always ready to watch his friends playing the mildest of foursomes, and he carried a spoon under his arm; but that was as far as he would go. Now and again I used to see him, in the dim distance and complete solitude, playing a shot with that spoon, but, as far as I know, he never played a single hole, much less a round. If that was

the course which made him happiest he was entirely right to pursue it, but it seemed rather a pity. Clearly there is something to be said for never having been up in the world since there is then no pain of coming down.

It may very well be, and I hope it is, that I am making myself quite unnecessarily unhappy about these faint-hearts. Circumstances do so alter cases. For instance, I am writing these words very close to the fire, with a snow-clad world outside the window. These are emphatically not the circumstances to make anyone think of beginning again. Just about

fifty years ago this day I won a scratch medal at Cambridge (whence I write) with red balls on a course covered with snow, except for the greens, which were frozen as hard as a brick and had been swept for a small area round each hole. Even that thrilling memory does not fill me with any markedly enthusiastic desire to repeat the experience. But there will come, please goodness, a day of good and glorious tidings, and if it be a fine and sunny one as well will it not bring with it a sudden longing to surge out on to the course once more? For my part I firmly believe it will.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### "A LATINIST'S CLAIM"

SIR,—If, as I hope, you are kind enough to print this rather belated letter, it will be because the importance of the subject far exceeds that of my little book, *Roman Panorama*, so courteously reviewed by Mr. Howard Spring in your issue of January 19. For if I am wrong in claiming that Latin is necessary to a thorough understanding of English, my error is more grievous than Mr. Spring's when, following a mistaken mediaeval notion, he derives "abominable" from *ab* and *homo* (alien from the nature of man) instead of from *ab* and *omen* (ill-omened).

For my part I "accept the omen" of the bricklayer, who plies his trade successfully though ignorant of the chemistry of his materials. I am concerned with literary architects, not with bricklayers; and an architect must know how and why his bricks will weather. Nor are the other analogies convincing; it might equally be argued that a thorough understanding of politics is possible without knowledge of history, or of music without knowledge of harmony. But this does not mean that I claim to write better English than Mr. Spring, Shakespeare, Bunyan and other non-Latinists. Latin gives a writer an advantage, but genius a greater advantage.

However, Mr. Spring allows one claim for Latin—that it makes possible the reading of Latin literature. Then what of English literature? Can *Paradise Lost* and *The Decline and Fall* be really understood or fully enjoyed

by a man who knows no Latin? No more, surely, than Milton and Gibbon could have written as they did, had they not known Latin.

I agree that Latin is useless if usefulness is related only to material ends; but a knowledge of Latin adds to the understanding and enjoyment of life and, as I am still bold to claim, of English and English literature.—HUMFREY GROSE-HODGE, *The Athenaeum*, London, S.W.1.

[Mr. Howard Spring writes:

Archbishop Trench, in his *English Past and Present*, speaks of certain words: "The soul which they once had in their own language having, for as many as are not familiar with that language, departed from them, men will not rest till they have put another soul into them again." This is true of the word *abominable*. It does not mean to-day "ill-omened," nor has it so meant for many centuries; and anyone who should use it in its original Latin sense would find that the knowledge of Latin had not helped but marred his English. The "mistaken mediaeval notion" of which Mr. Grose-Hodge speaks was not, in my view, mistaken at all. It was an example of "putting another soul" into a word that had ceased to be attached to its roots, and the people who were thus sensible enough to offend against precise philology included Wyclif and Shakespeare, who spelt the word *abominable*. In law to-day, an "abominable offence" is not an ill-omened offence: it is an offence contrary to the nature of man.

The answer to the question Can *Paradise Lost* and *The Decline and*

*Fall* be understood or fully enjoyed by a man who knows no Latin? is Yes, for I understand the one and Mr. Boffin enjoyed the other no end.

Where do we stop? When I look at my English dictionary, I find derivations not only from Latin but also from Old English, Middle English, Greek, and what not; and Latin itself derives, as Mr. Grose-Hodge points out, from "Indo-European." These are all in the blood and bone of our speech. Is it seriously to be held that a man can't speak, write and thoroughly understand his mother-tongue without having first mastered all these grand-mother and great grand-mother tongues as well?—ED.]

### ADVERTISEMENTS MISPLACED

SIR,—It is good to learn that in the planning of post-war Britain many anomalies, such as ribbon development and haphazard bungalow growths, tolerated in the past are not likely to be permitted, and that the new dwellings are, it is hoped, to be as pleasing to look at as to live in.

The leading article in last week's issue of *COUNTRY LIFE* dealt with disfigurements which have marred the beauty of many attractive sites and buildings.

Advertisement boards, often disproportionate in size to the building offering "Bed and Breakfast" and commodities of all kinds flourish and multiply.

For example, the delightful corner at Ightham, Kent, with at least two superb examples of 16th-17th-century domestic architecture is despoiled by

three petrol pumps and several enamelled signs extolling the virtues of various petrols and oils, and in the case of the guest house three signs adjacent to one another repeat themselves, and in addition there are enamelled motor club signs.

Thereby the whole atmosphere of restful charm is dispelled.

Repression of legitimate trading should not be aimed at, but control of size and number of advertisement boards and placards outside buildings, whether ancient or modern, should be undertaken by the local authority, which should also have powers to prohibit any modern excrescences in positions which are out of keeping and offensive to the eye.—C. ERNEST MANEY, *Cavendish Parade, South Side, Clapham Common, S.W.4.*

### FISHING IN LAKE TAUPO

From Lord Latymer.

SIR,—Major Jarvis's notes from a correspondent on fishing for rainbow trout in Lake Taupo, New Zealand, interested me much, as I fished in Taupo and the Tongariro river in 1930 and again in 1933. It is very remarkable that the average weight for 76 fish is given as 5½ lb. In 1930 the average weight was rather higher than this, but in 1933 it had dropped to about 5 lb., and everyone told us that it was sure to fall much lower. In 1920, we were told, the average was something like 9 lb., and rainbows of 20 lb. were not uncommon. This was because, when Taupo was stocked, there was a virgin food supply. There were no indigenous fishes in it. Then, as the years went by, the rainbows increased in numbers and decreased in size, and it seemed probable that the eventual average would be a matter of 2 or 3 lb. only. It is most satisfactory to hear that the Jonahs were wrong.

I am surprised to hear that the party took the trouble to grill a rainbow for breakfast. My wife and I found the Taupo trout much too strong tasting to eat—though I admit that some people did eat them: generally when there was nothing else for breakfast. The flavour is peculiar—not exactly muddy, but very pungent. However, this did not matter very much, as one could always save away one's catch to the local Maoris, who kippered them against the winter. I would rather not fish at all, than be forced to throw away what one catches.

I must confess that fishing in the Lake did not appeal to me much. It was too easy, and the fish came to the net too quickly. Fishing in the Tongariro river, which runs into the Lake near Tokaanu, where most people stay, is a very different matter, as it is a turbulent, strong river, and heavy water always makes a good fish. The wading is definitely dangerous, and one must be careful. If you are lucky, you will get a few steelheads as well as rainbows, and they are bonny fighters—none better. I found a small Jock Scott as good a lure as any.

There is one objection to the Tongariro river—the sandflies are very bloodthirsty!

The reason why the boats on Taupo are so big is that the lake is subject to very violent and sudden



A LOVELY VILLAGE DISFIGURED: IGHTHAM, KENT

See letter: Advertisements Misplaced



squalls, which will swamp a small craft in a minute or two.—LATYMER, *Shipton under Wychwood, Oxfordshire.*

### THE SHEPHERD'S EAR FOR HIS GOATS' BELLS

SIR,—Referring to your note as to a Court not being prepared to believe that a shepherd could recognise an individual sheep from his flock, the following may be of interest to you.

In Cyprus I had a man brought before me charged with stealing goat-bells some 6 months before; the goats wearing them had been stolen, but

of each of his own bells, as having been carried by the goat to which he had attributed it.

It is impossible for the ordinary man to appreciate, judging by his own standards, the intimate knowledge of every detail of his flock which is attained by living with them day after day, and night after night.

In this particular case, the wearers of the bells would be leaders of some portion of the flock, and, so long as the slight regular tinkle was heard, he would know that that lot was all right; a quick jangle would tell him that something had happened to disturb them and he would start off to investigate.



DINAS OLEU, MERIONETHSHIRE, THE FIRST HOLDING OF THE NATIONAL TRUST

See letter: *The Beginning of the National Trust*

of course had been eaten or otherwise disposed of in the interval.

He identified one bell as having been on a spotted goat, one on a goat with caroub-shaped horns, and the other on a white-sheeted goat, and each was labelled accordingly. The counsel for the defence asked him if his name was on the bells, or any mark which he could point out, to confirm his identification of them; the answer was "None, but they are my bells." The counsel sat down contented.

The man was so confident and apparently honest that I sought for some further test, and asked him if he knew the sound of his bells, to which he said "Yes, of course." So I sent for some of the similar copper bells that had been connected with former cases, and had them set out with the disputed bells on a table by my side behind a screen.

I then told a *zaptieh* to ring one bell after another as directed by me. In each case, though to me and everyone else the sound was exactly the same, the shepherd identified the note

Incidentally, if a shepherd were invited to a wedding, he was expected to bring a sheep or goat, and it was a matter of pride to bring one not of his own, but one stolen from someone else; the first thing to do therefore on information of sheep-stealing was to find out where in the neighbourhood there had been a recent wedding, and search there for the skin. They are probably more sophisticated now.—X. Y. Z., *Norfolk.*

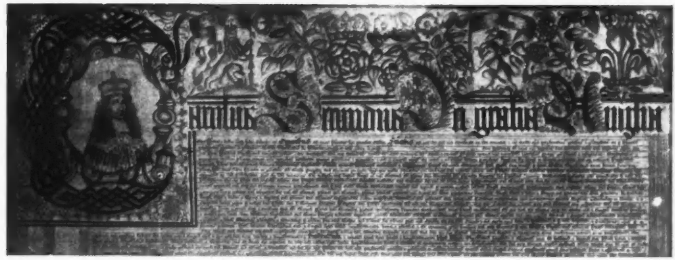
### A PRECOCIOUS GAME BANTAM COCKEREL

SIR,—I should be very much interested to hear if any of your readers, who have kept chickens of any kind, have had a cockerel which started crowing as early as six weeks. I have reared a good many in my time, but this is by far the earliest I have known. Is this a record?—L. C. TURNER, 15, *Prince Edward's Road, Lewes, Sussex.*



BIWDLEY BRIDGE WITH ROLLERS FOR BARGE TOW-ROPES

See letter: *Relics of Bewdley*



A PARDON FROM CHARLES II TO ONE OF THE REGICIDES

See letter: *A Royal Pardon*

### THE BEGINNING OF THE NATIONAL TRUST

SIR,—Prof. G. M. Trevelyan's article *Fifty Years of the National Trust* (COUNTRY LIFE, January 12) leads me to send you a photograph showing the first property acquired by the Trust, namely, Dinas Oleu, Merionethshire. Presented in 1895 by Mrs. Fanny Talbot, the gift comprises 4½ acres of lovely cliff above Barmouth, overlooking Cardigan Bay and linking up on the east and south with the famous Panorama Walk. I find that Dinas Oleu means City of Light.—G. B. WOOD, *Leeds.*

### A ROYAL PARDON

SIR,—A unique possession of Flamborough Church, East Yorkshire, is the actual royal pardon granted in 1660 by Charles II to Walter Strickland, Lord of the Manor of Flamborough.

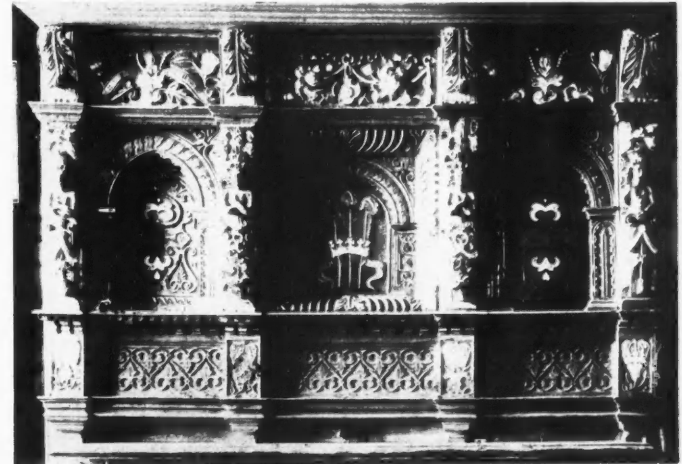
Strickland sat in several of Cromwell's Parliaments, was a judge at the trial of the King and signed the death warrant. He was ambassador in Holland during the time of the

The fine parchment, still perfect in writing and embellishment, becomes a portrait of the King, the lion and the unicorn, and fleur-de-lys among roses and other flowers. It provides a romantic story of one of Cromwell's men who was forgiven when the Stuarts came back.

It seems fitting that Strickland lived peaceably, secure in his pardon, till his death 11 years later.—J. A. CARPENTER, *Harrogate, Yorkshire.*

### RELICS OF BEWDLEY

SIR,—You may like to add to your wonderful series of photographs of old Bewdley, the enclosed of the bridge, showing the rollers fixed to prevent the barge ropes from wearing away the stone as they passed under the arch; and the other showing the mantelpiece from Tickenhill, now at Hanbury Hall. This has the Prince of Wales's feathers in the centre and underneath are rose, thistle, fleur-de-lys and the Worcester pear each crowned with a coronet. It is a fine piece of carving, and, as the Hall was being built about the time that Ticken-



MANTEPIECE FROM TICKENHILL NOW AT HANBURY HALL

See letter: *Relics of Bewdley*

Commonwealth. On several occasions he narrowly escaped assassination by Stuart partisans and at the Restoration a price was on his head. By the intervention of powerful friends, and doubtless the payment to the King of a large sum of money, the royal pardon was granted.

"Charles II by the Grace of God, King of England, Scotland, France and Ireland, Defender of the Faith etc. To all to whom these present letters shall come Greeting Know ye that we of our special grace and out of certain knowledge have pardoned, remitted and released Walter Strickland of Flamborough, in the County of York . . . of all and every the crimes of high treason, wars, rebellions, insurrections, conspiracies and all and every murders, slayings and killings by lying in wait . . ."

The document proceeds with extracts from proclamations of the 13th year of Richard II and the 27th year of Queen Elizabeth and is signed and dated by the King at Westminster, December 19, 1660, and ironic touch "the 12th year of our Reign."

hill was being partly demolished, there seems no reason to doubt its provenance.—A. E., *Cardiff.*

### MULE SENSE

SIR,—Having read with interest Mr. Leese's article *Mule Sense* in a recent issue I send you the following in case you consider it of any interest to him or others.

During the last war, having seen few mules and handled none, I had not been in Mesopotamia very long before I thoroughly disagreed with "stubborn as a mule."

These little fellows working in pairs, attached to a small A.T. cart in heat and cold, mud or dust, were a real eye-opener.

The few instances of these small mules getting themselves into trouble, and then usually with fatal results, were when crossing pontoon bridges and losing their heads and feet at the same time.

Being in pairs, and afraid of the water, they would insist on leaning

upon one another, thus crossing at an angle of an inverted V and getting what extra foot purchase they could against the joint rails along the bridge. When parts of these rails were missing or broken, then the mule's feet would quickly slide over the edge and in he would go, dragging the other mule and cart with him.

We had eight enormous trans-

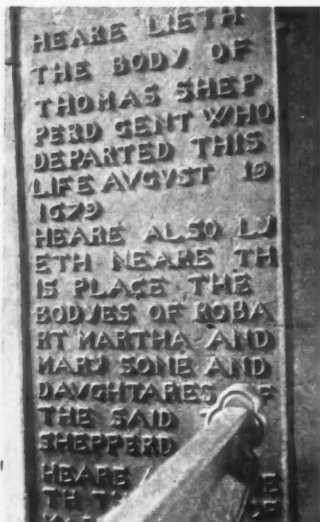
being no stones) or anything they could find. We got the foal away, but suddenly the mule came at us stern first and with his long reach of kick he actually got near the foal again, and we had difficulty in being masters of the situation.

The foal, though badly bruised, appeared to have no bones broken, or bad external injuries, and lay for short spells quickly breathing and then as dead. Our efforts at massage, taking turns, kept the little fellow alive until sun-down when we had hopes of success, but these proved vain.

Within a few minutes of being deprived of the foal, the mule was perfectly quiet and normal again and never did we see it with the slightest sign of temper again.—C. F. MALLETT, *The Downs, Brickworth, Whiteparish, Wiltshire.*

### IRON GRAVE COVERS

SIR,—I came across these very fine examples of iron grave covers in a church at Bridgnorth, Shropshire, and



### WRIT IN IRON

See letter: Iron Grave Covers

port mules attached to our squadron for pulling the camp cooker and water-cart. These were each a good 17 hands high and were the quietest (except in one instance) and most willing slaves one ever saw.

After the capture of Baghdad we were camped further up the Tigris, and we had an English hunter mare foal down. Mules (the four large ones) and horses were apart on separate lines. The mare and foal had the honour of a place quite apart from all the others.

One mid-day I heard an unusual commotion in camp, and dashing out of my tent found that one large mule had got the foal and was worrying it either like a dog with a rat or otherwise going like a bull.

Having a lead-loaded hunting crop with a long thong, I set about the mule, and so did the rest of the squadron, who had all turned out—pelting him with lumps of mud (there



### FROM A BRIDGNORTH CHURCH

See letter: Iron Grave Covers

feel sure they will interest your readers.

They are very curious and are fastened to a wall in the church; they are about six feet in length.

It will be noticed that the lettering on the one dated 1701 forms wavy lines, no doubt caused when preparing the mould.—J. DENTON ROBINSON, *Darlington, Durham.*

[On the other side of the Severn in the district famous for its iron-

works our correspondent would have found not only grave-covers in iron but complete tombs of the box-shaped type. Such is that of Fletcher the Divine at Madeley which was for many years—and may be still—painted and kept in good repair at the expense of the church of which he was vicar, and the Nonconformist congregations alternately; an arrangement which one feels this old follower of Wesley would have approved.—Ed.]

### A NATURAL COLONY OF BEES

SIR,—My two photographs show five rows of comb which a swarm of bees early in July built on the horizontal branch of a pear tree in a meadow. There was no protection whatever and the unfortunate insects were soaked by rain and chilled by cold winds. They eventually succumbed early in October after the first hard frosts.

It is rare for bees to build comb in the

open; normally they choose a hollow tree, space in brickwork or in some hollow vessel.

The side view was taken in July when the colony was comparatively strong and the one from below in September when the numbers had greatly diminished (and one comb had been destroyed in an unsuccessful attempt to remove them).—A. MANN, *Timberscombe, Fernhurst, near Haslemere, Surrey.*

### ROCK DWELLER AT KINVER

SIR,—I was interested in your article on the Worcestershire rock dwellings, as I used to know some of them; you may like to use the enclosed photograph taken there about thirty years ago. The old inhabitant was so anxious to pose for his photograph that he forgot to remove the top of the well, which gives a certain air of unreality to the picture!—M. W., *Hereford.*

### A PORTRAIT TO BE IDENTIFIED

SIR,—On looking at a recent issue of COUNTRY LIFE my eye was caught by the unidentified portrait by Lawrence, and it at once struck me as being remarkably like my great-



### THE DIMINISHED COLONY IN SEPTEMBER

See letter: A Natural Colony of Bees

great-grand-uncle the poet laureate Robert Southey. The nose is markedly "Southey".

On closer inspection I noted that you dated the picture 1830-35 and since Southey was born in 1774 and died in 1843 it is thus not impossible that it is his portrait.

The likeness struck me before I checked the dates, and while it is admittedly a guess it is definitely prompted by the features as they struck me at the time.—JOHN H. S. BURTON (Rev.), *Fife Lodge, Great Bookham, Surrey.*

[Our correspondent's suggestion is an extremely interesting one and the nose and mouth in the unidentified portrait certainly have a considerable resemblance to those of Southey. Careful comparison of this picture with known portraits of the poet at about the same age, however, reveals



### WATER FOR THE TROGLODYTES

See letter: A Rock Dweller at Kinver

great differences in the shape of the forehead and growth of the hair.—Ed.]

### THE MYSTERY OF A GLASS

SIR,—It may interest readers of COUNTRY LIFE to know at least one reason for glass breaking without any apparent cause.

I gave a beautiful Bristol bowl to a friend as a centre piece for her dining-room table.

Next time I lunched with her it was badly cracked at the bottom. She assured me it was perfect after dinner but found cracked the following morning. I was greatly puzzled, but soon found out the cause. She only lit her gas stove for meals and the sudden difference in the temperature accounted for the breakage.

An antique dealer once told me he was removing a valuable specimen of glass (again a bowl) from a cupboard when it flew in his hand. He put it down to the same cause. The cupboard had not been opened for months and the sudden change of temperature made the glass fly.—M. K. P.

### HOUSEHOLD DISASTER

SIR,—With reference to the interesting correspondence appearing in your recent issues entitled *The Mystery of a Glass*, I feel sure your readers will be interested to know of a most remarkable experience I had the other day. While reading COUNTRY LIFE in the morning-room I heard a loud report coming from the direction of the pantry. Hastening thither to make investigations I found the parlourmaid in a state of consternation, which visibly increased when she beheld my entry. All over the floor were small particles of glass and in her hand the stopper of one of our most valuable decanters. The poor girl was so surprised and upset—indeed she actually began to cry—that I had to do my best to console her. Finally the explanation came out. It appears that while she was handling the decanter for the purpose of washing out the dregs of some Australian port, the thing suddenly flew into a thousand pieces! "It broke in my hand," to use her own graphic expression. Surely this is yet another example of this strange phenomenon. I can vouch for the veracity of this story, as she is a most truthful girl.

I have had other experiences with glasses which may interest some of your readers. For example, I have on several occasions seen a glass change its shape. This sometimes happens after it has been emptied and refilled several times. It has never been explained to me why this happens, and I have always regarded it as one of the curiosities of life.—PERCIVAL HODGE, *The Crutches, near Basingstoke, Hampshire.*

[We print our correspondent's letter less for its obvious veracity than as a warning to householders who still have such rare things as parlourmaid's as to the danger that the perusal of COUNTRY LIFE may lead to an extension of their list of explanations of accidents.—Ed.]

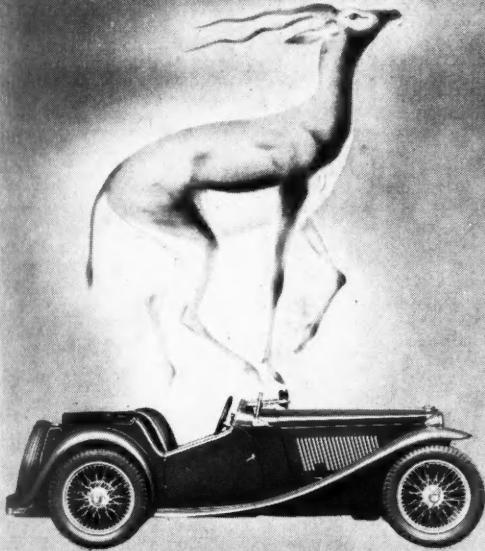


### THE BEES IN JULY

See letter: A Natural Colony of Bees

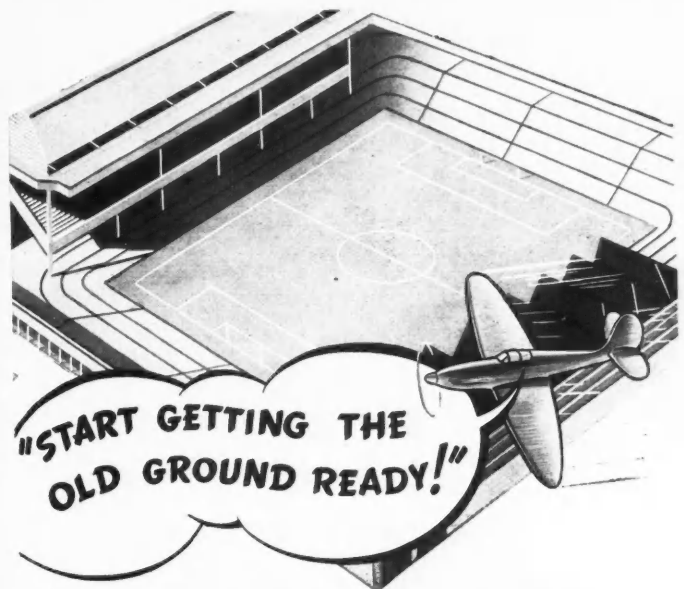


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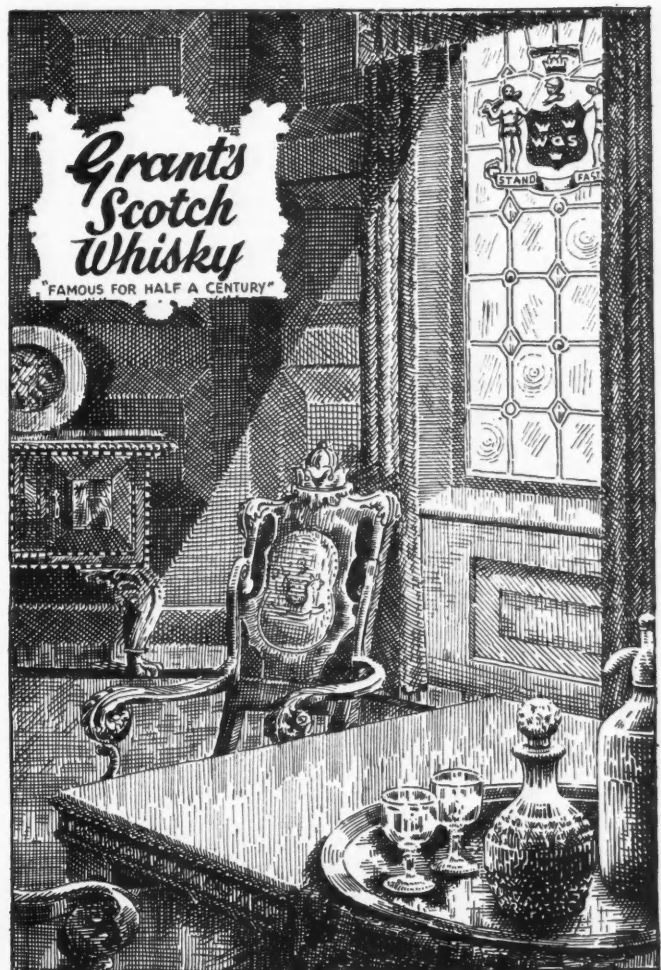
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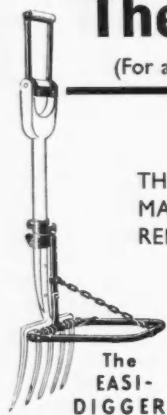
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## FARMING NOTES

# MARKETS OVERSEAS

EARL DE LA WARR'S sojourn in Abyssinia has not destroyed his enthusiasm for farming in this country. He found attractions there, but his heart is still here, as we may judge from the paper he read to the Farmers' Club. He was talking on the theme *British Agriculture and World Conditions*. Lord De La Warr has never been fond of economic nationalism. Before this war he was a leader of the National Labour Party and a strong supporter of understanding between nations as the best foundation for a prosperous agriculture here and overseas. All farmers throughout the world in the long run either stand or fall together, and with nearly three-quarters of the world engaged in the production of food and raw materials, a break in the farmers' market means a break in the industrial market too.

### The Farmer's Market

THERE has been some evidence lately that leading industrialists in this country are seeing this truth at the present day. Mr. Renold, Director of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, impressed by the realisation that British agriculture even in the pre-war days produced wealth to the tune of £290 million a year and that on an expanded basis it could offer a much greater market for the home trader's goods, has assured the National Farmers' Union that the Manchester Chamber will support a guaranteed market for the British farmer on reasonable terms provided that his production is efficient. But Lord De La Warr would have us look further afield. The purchasing power of the Canadian or Australian wheat-grower, the sugar-grower of the West Indies or the tea-planter of India is vitally important to industry. Every man is a producer or a consumer.

### Control and Stability

ALL this is so easy to say. But raw material prices will not be stabilised without a great deal of difficulty and a great deal of control of both distribution and production. There cannot be stability of market or of price if every individual is free to produce just as much as he wants and to sell it just as he chooses. The cry is growing to-day for de-control and it will no doubt rise to a crescendo as a General Election approaches. But Lord De La Warr wants us to realise clearly that if we demand freedom from all controls of any kind we must face the fact that this is incompatible with the stability of market and price that are essential to food-producers. He argues that to get stability there must be export and import quotas and, to make them effective, almost certainly some form of production control. Export and import prices will have to be determined, and all this will call for a permanent *ad hoc* international body. Lord De La Warr has always been a strong supporter of the nutrition policy, even in the days before this war when it was not generally popular, but he does not believe that if we increase consumption according to the proposals of the Hot Springs Conference, control of production will be unnecessary. Unless some stability is assured to producers there will not be the necessary increased production to put the Hot Springs policy of a full diet for all into practice.

### Assistance for the Farmer

WILL stable world prices based on market control plus Hot Springs suffice to keep the British farmer on his feet, or does he need more assistance? Lord De La Warr

gives his answer that we shall need a certain degree of help, and that our hopes of obtaining that help depend to a very large extent upon ourselves. If we can, by our own efforts, reduce help that we need to a minimum and convince Parliament and the public that we have done so, then we shall have a case that will be difficult to resist. There are good and bad farmers in this country as in every other country. Distributive costs are frequently excessive and the grading and presentation of our goods to the market are on the whole sadly inferior to those of our overseas competitors. We shall have to tackle and eliminate this weakness.

### The Marketing Side

ON the marketing side, the pre-war Marketing Acts may need to be drastically amended, but they are right in principle. What matters is that we should be organised strongly and efficiently and able to face any other organisation on at least equal terms. I agree whole-heartedly with Lord De La Warr that it would be folly to rely too much on Government action. The Milk Marketing Board, more than the other producers' boards, has shown the possibilities of economies in the handling of a home product. I say the possibilities because even the Milk Marketing Board with all its strength has not gone far along the road. Overlapping in the collection of milk from farms has been checked, long-distance hauls by road or rail have been eliminated and, as a result, the milk producer has gained a saving in transport costs. They are not so high to-day as they would otherwise be. I hope to see the day when other producers concerned with cattle and sheep, eggs and poultry and such groups of produce, have banded themselves together effectively to market and present their goods to the British consumer with the greatest economy and with a keen eye on what the consumer prefers. This is a service that we can create for ourselves. We can look to the Government to hold the ring against unfair competition from overseas, but it is the strength and efficiency of British farming which will decide our future.

### Artificial Insemination

IT is some months since the Milk Marketing Board undertook to provide artificial insemination centres in some of the dairying districts. The Board is rightly interested in the possibilities of this service which should enable small farmers to have the use of much better bulls than they could otherwise afford. The original plan was, I believe, that six centres operating on a fairly large scale should be established in the immediate future to be followed by others as soon as conditions allow. A farmer writes to me from North Devon saying how anxious he and several of his neighbours are to get a station established there. They have an undertaking that this will be one of the first, but as the plans are still on paper. North Devon always used to be regarded as primarily a beef-rearing area, and there are still a good many excellent herds of North Devon cattle there. But dairy cows have been filtering into the area because of the attraction of the liquid milk market. There are very few good dairy bulls and most of the farmers, being small, cannot afford to buy a first-class bull for themselves. They are hoping that an artificial insemination centre will solve their problem and enable them to breed dairy heifers that will do them credit. CINCINNATUS.



## THE ESTATE MARKET

## REQUISITIONED PROPERTY

A VAST quantity of real estate of every type has been requisitioned or otherwise placed at the service of the State in the last five years or so. As the time of the expected release of the property has approached, owners had begun to hope for a resumption of full control and of reasonable yield, but the Requisitioned Land and War Works Bill lately introduced into Parliament, has been a very unpleasant surprise for them.

The Bill has been promptly considered by the Chartered Surveyors' Society, the principal professional society connected with the management and valuation of real estate, and in a preliminary statement that body (while admitting the necessity for protecting public funds against wasteful and inadvisable attempts to reinstate property that has been so materially changed by war works as to be incapable of economical reinstatement) finds much to complain of in the measure. The individual owner of property will concur in most of the expert objections to the Bill, and his opposition to it is powerfully reinforced by public bodies. The language of the Bill has been condemned as "complex and obscure," but disturbing possibilities of interference with the free handling of requisitioned or de-requisitioned property are plainly evident in its framework.

## POWER TO RETAIN AND SELL PORTIONS

WITHOUT embarking on a close examination of the text it is enough to say that the proposed powers to be vested in those who administer requisitioned property are very vaguely defined, giving them wide scope for the detrimental handling of property. For example, if part only of a block of premises has been used for Government war work (that is, by a Service Department) the Bill contemplates that it shall be lawful for the Department to dispose of that part, and if it chooses, to re-sell it to the highest bidder. No right of pre-emption even is conferred on the original holder of the premises. Action of that kind might well frustrate all future development of a business. It is not clear how far that type of power might be made to extend to any class of property that has been used for Government war work. By no great stretch of the imagination, and perhaps by possible readings of the Bill, such a power of partial acquisition could be applied to a block of flats or a town mansion, or a farm.

## "COMPENSATION" RENTALS AND SALES

IN the early months of the war, in their eagerness to help in defence measures, owners as a rule did not take much thought about yields from their property. In 1939, partly through the gradual depreciation that had preceded that year, and still more through the gloom and uncertainty of the general outlook, rentals and market prices fell to a low ebb. Imperative demands for the immediate surrender of all sorts of property for war use had to be complied with, and there was no time for negotiation, no very encouraging basis for negotiation, and often, it seemed, no accessible and really responsible person with whom to conduct a negotiation. Thus it happened that so-called "compensation" rentals were fixed. Many of those rents fell as much as two-thirds below the sums that had actually been received up to 1939. Occasionally the rents were so nominal that they might accurately have been dubbed "token" rather than "compensation."

What is the position now? The

governing factor is the duration of the "war period," that is to say the date on which the Emergency Powers Act, 1939, will cease to operate. The Requisitioned Land and War Works Bill seeks to allow a requisitioning authority to continue in possession for any period not exceeding two years after the 1939 Act is done with. Whether that means holding the property until 1948 or 1950 is for owners to visualise according to their opinion of the probable duration of the war.

There is, too, another possible source of delay and disappointment, inasmuch as the requisitioning body may offer the property to other authorities. All the while all that an owner is entitled to is the "compensation" rent. Owners are pressing, through their representative societies, that "compensation" rents should be subject to revision year by year, either by agreement or, failing that, by the General Claims Tribunal. They contend also that in any purchase of property under the Bill "compensation" rents should be ignored in arriving at the price.

## DISTURBANCE OF TENANCIES

FIGURES can be made to prove anything, but there is no better corrective of false impressions than actual statistics. For this reason, it is well to put on record the Minister of Agriculture's assurance that the common report that about 10,000 farmers have been dispossessed of their holdings pursuant to Emergency Powers is incorrect. Up to the end of last year the tenancies of 2,897 holdings in England and Wales had been ended under Defence Regulation 62, covering 248,826 acres; and, under Defence Regulation 51, in 6,739 separate cases, 388,094 acres had been taken. The great majority of the notices had related to parts only of holdings, or to land that was either not used at all or for some unimportant purpose, and involved no dispossession of a farmer from house and farm.

## QUIET MARKETS

EXCEPT for small urban properties of only local interest most of the auction rooms have been very quiet in the last week or two. Not many transactions by private treaty have been announced. Perhaps it has been as well that not much has been attempted, seeing that the weather has not favoured either viewing property or attending auctions. Few arrangements for offering important properties have yet reached the stage of publicity, but there are preparations that may make the would-be buyers for occupation or investment pretty busy.

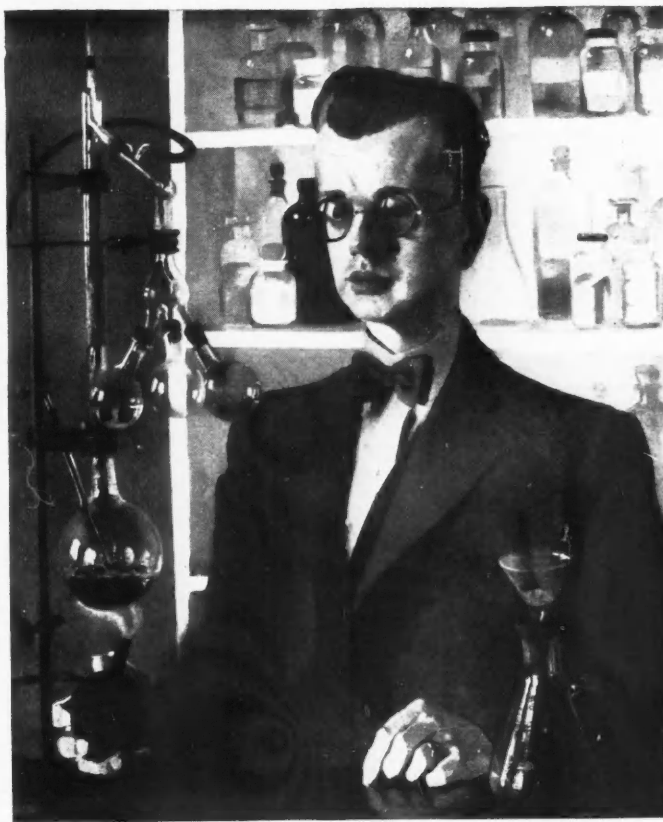
## SHOOTING AND FISHING

THE late Sir Douglas Galton nearly 40 years ago built New House Farmhouse, at Himbleton, nine miles from Worcester. The holding of 197 acres lies high up in the Severn valley, and is bounded by a couple of trout streams, and it affords first-rate pheasant and partridge shooting. Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley are to sell the property.

Up to 1,500 partridges have been shot in a season on the 1,000 acres of the Norfolk estate, White Hall, Syderstone, near Fakenham. Major J. E. Harrison has requested Messrs. Jackson Stops and Staff and Messrs. Chas. Hawkins and Sons to sell it.

No. 28, Curzon Street, Mayfair, an 800-year lease, is among London sales by Messrs. George Trollope and Sons.

ARBITER.



Painted by Doris Zinkeisen

NORMAN HADDOCK is 40. He is a fine example of the man who realises early exactly what he wishes to do and achieves it by determination and hard work. Manchester born, bred and educated, at 15 he entered the dyestuffs branch of the chemical industry as a "lab. boy". Despite long hours of work he studied to such purpose in his leisure that he obtained first his matriculation, and then the B.Sc. 'Honours, Chemistry' of London University. This was in 1928. His abilities were such that he was then selected to work for a year at Leeds University under Professor A. G. Perkin, a son of the famous W. H. Perkin, on a special problem of dyestuffs chemistry. He has since become an associate of the Royal Institute of Chemistry and a Fellow of the Chemical Society. All his work has been research in the field of organic chemistry, chiefly seeking new and improved dyestuffs. Research is many sided and Mr. Haddock has been engaged on what is best described as "speculative" research, that is in exploring chemistry with a view to discovering new reactions and new chemicals and then of assessing their particular value to Industry. The novelty of his work may be judged by the fact that there are today something like 60 patents which bear his name. These are chiefly concerned with dyestuffs useful for the dyeing of wool, silk, cotton, rayon and nylon. Of special significance is the series of so-called Carbolan dyestuffs which are peculiarly resistant to repeated washing and to the effect of sea water. They are accordingly ideally suited for the dyeing of your bathing suit. During the war Mr. Haddock has been one of the pool of experts who constitute the reserve "back room boys" liable to be called on to solve any organic chemical problem that may arise in connection with the war effort. But that, as Kipling says, "is another story."





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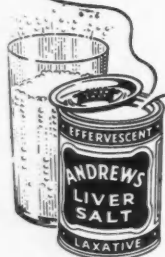
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## NEW BOOKS

# POLITICAL REFORM IS NOT ENOUGH

Reviews by HOWARD SPRING

I DID not read Mr. Christopher Hollis's book *Death of a Gentleman*, which was published in 1943; but I gather from a foreword which he writes to *Fossett's Memory* (Hollis and Carter, 9s.) that it concerned the life and death of Robert Fossett, a squire and Tory M.P., who was killed in 1940.

"A friend," writes Mr. Hollis in this foreword, "made one day the complaint that it — *Death of a Gentleman* — was depressing. Fossett, he said, was a good man and he stood for good things, but by the end of the book Fossett was dead and there was little hint that the good things for which he stood were not dying with him."

### AN ANSWER TO A CRITIC

To answer this complaint, Mr. Hollis has written this book now under review.

I speak of "this book" because I hesitate to say "this novel." It is cast loosely in novel form, but clearly the author's intention is not the customary intention of the novelist. That customary intention is to exhibit men and women in the act of living. In the finest examples, it is possible from the picture thus drawn to deduce the whole spiritual and psychological make-up of the people presented. Mr. Hollis does not go to work in this way. He puts the narrative into the mouth of Fossett's brother-in-law, Peter Hartington-Smith, a man verging upon middle age, who is beginning to shed the trivial and juvenile elements of his character and to make a serious effort to discover what life is all about.

Chiefly with the help of a good type of Anglican parson, who is an excellent debater, Mr. Hartington-Smith goes into this, that and the other thing. The book indeed is little more than a long, desultory but penetrating debate, eked out with descriptions of country life and with long passages of Hartington-Smith's own reflections. One might apply to it Taine's complaint against Thackeray: "We are in a bad humour with this invasion of pedagogy. We wanted to go to the theatre; we have been taken in by the outside bill, and we growl, *sotto voce*, to find ourselves at a sermon."

Certainly, the "outside bill," the jacket of this book, which shows a quiet farm-yard scene, would not prepare the reader for what the book in fact is: a layman's examination of the need for religion in life. The author warns us against assuming that Peter Hartington-Smith's views are "necessarily" those of Mr. Christopher Hollis. I take note of this warning, but do not, myself, treat it with much seriousness. Mr. Hartington-Smith is so obviously Jerry to someone's Coram, and if not Mr. Hollis's, whose? But I shall not join Taine in growling. If sermon this be, at any rate it is a timely, a fairly just,

and a well-phrased sermon; and it happens to be my own conviction that the world at the moment is more deeply in need of sermons than of the sort of novels we now mainly get.

"It will be obvious," Mr. Hollis writes, "that the mind of the fictional autobiographer of this book is one that is developing throughout the book and still far from fixed and clear by the end of it." This represents a difficulty for the reviewer, if he likes to give clear-cut information about a book, for there is here no clear-cut information to give.

It may seem a poor reason for recommending a book to say that it is about a man thrashing round in a sea of spiritual perplexities; but I cannot say more than this, and this seems to me a sufficient thing to say. For this is a promising condition to be in; it is not till we have kicked off a lot of the old warm seductive bed-clothes that we shall be able to get up into a new day. Those of us who find ourselves in the same position will draw much profit from the contemplation of another who is in our case.

### INADEQUACY OF POLITICS

I think it would be fair, on the whole, to make this generalisation about the book: it postulates the inadequacy of politics to meet the deepest needs of man, and there is a feeling throughout it (though frankly I am at a loss to put my finger on a passage to justify this statement) that in Mr. Hollis's view (or Mr. Hartington-Smith's, if you prefer it that way) political reform is therefore not worth all the pother that is made about it.

In my view, the argument that political reform will not ensure the sense of weal that men consciously or unconsciously desire is sound, and could be supported by a thousand illustrations. But this is not an argument against political reform. It is, on the contrary, an argument for political reform, because only when men everywhere have personally discovered that advance along that line ends in nothing may they be expected to try the long perspectives of the spiritual life. These, though their end seems to me neither apparent nor predictable, *do go on*. If they offer no oases rather than a continuing climb, at any rate they do not offer us a *cul de sac*. It is unfair that the world allows only the rich to discover experience that riches are not enough. If mere physical ameliorations are among "the husks that the swine eat," then the sooner all prodigals discover this for themselves the better. Perhaps only then will they think of return to the Father's house.

A little book called *Arnhem Lift* (Pilot Press, 5s.) is the anonymous *Diary of a Glider Pilot*. The experience at Arnhem has bitten deeply into the imagination of everyone who has read about it, and here is the story of one man

**FOSSETT'S MEMORY**  
By Christopher Hollis  
(Hollis and Carter, 9s.)

**ARNHEM LIFT**  
By a Glider Pilot  
(Pilot Press, 5s.)

**GREEN TIDE**  
By Richard Church  
(COUNTRY LIFE, 10s. 6d.)



who was in the adventure from beginning to end. It was written down quickly during a leave for the benefit of the author's friends, and has the merits and demerits of a piece of work so produced.

#### AT ARNHEM

The greater part of the author's time at Arnhem was spent in one house of a street which the British held, with the Germans shooting at them from a house and some wooded land across the road. The book is full of sudden and surprising touches. Take this: "Only on this comparatively quiet morning did we realise that we were not the only occupants of these houses in the front line. Pale, quiet, frightened people appeared from the cellars. They inquired timidly where they could get some water." And this after the fighting had been going on for days! It soon appeared that in many cellars there were these piteous refugees, keeping out of sight while their household goods were burned and splintered about them.

There were many German magazines in the house, "superbly produced." "They really brought the war to the reader—the personal hardship and difficulties of the troops, the supply problems and the strategy. Reading them, it was quite impossible to imagine how Germany could ever lose the war. These publications even impressed us, so their impact on the Germans must have been immense. We got a good laugh, seeing these heroes in print and photograph, when we thought of our personal contact with them."

For in personal contact these Germans were not impressive. Speaking German, the author had to interrogate prisoners. "My own theory about their quality, and the experience I had had translating for interrogations at the beginning of the action, was confirmed by what I heard now. Except for about a hundred genuine S.S. troops, there was nothing left of the old arrogance and cockiness. A little later I had a grand opportunity to see this again. The prisoners were shouting and calling for food. Then one of the German officers got up out of his trench. He was quite furious and shouted to them to stop that noise. The British troops, he said sarcastically, had had no food for days, and were fighting and disciplined. It was a pity the Germans had not half the courage and discipline of the British."

The author pays a great tribute to the men who came over to drop food and ammunition from the air. "The ack-ack was such as I have only heard during the worst raids on London, but concentrated on one small area. The German gunners were firing at point-blank range, and the supply planes were more or less sitting targets. . . . This was war on such a concentrated scale that it made you feel terribly small, frightened and insignificant: something like an ant menaced by a steam-roller. All activity on the ground seemed to be suspended and forgotten on both sides. One could do nothing but stare awe-inspired at the inferno above. . . . The greatest tragedy of all is, I think, that hardly any of these supplies reached us."

#### SUPERB LIAISON

When so good an essayist as Mr. Richard Church is illustrated by so good an artist as Mr. C. F. Tunnicliffe you may expect a book worth buying and keeping, and you have this in *Green Tide* (COUNTRY LIFE, 10s. 6d.), where these two collaborators are in excellent form.

There are twenty-six essays here, and most of them are inspired by Mr. Church's escape from London to Kent. True, London to him is home. "How exciting it is each week to be home again, in London." "How I enjoy deserting the camp!" he cries, speaking of these ventures out of Kent; but the great thing about him, after all, is that he enjoys anything that offers beauty either to mind or eye. You may call him a Cockney in Kent or a countryman in London: it hardly matters which. The knowledge of the one side of experience enhances both his understanding and his expression of the other.

So here you have him writing with equal felicity on the Inns of Court and cherry orchards; on Chancery Lane and bell-ringers; on the Public Record Office and wild creatures in the snow.

As for Mr. Tunnicliffe, he has admirably caught the spirit of all this. His pictures, as ever, are a delight.

#### QUIET PASTURES

IN CONCLASTS among modern poets I must be faced constantly with the disconcerting fact that, in spite of their despotic decrees, other kinds of poetry keep on keeping on. Mr. Edmund Blunden's work is a case in point, as his new collection, *Shells By A Stream* (Macmillan, 5s.), proves: there is no revolutionary technique about it, yet it is still unmistakably poetry. The poems should be read once, twice and yet again, although not because they are obscure. We go to Blunden not for fervid passion, but for an influence permeating like mild September sunlight, gradually diffusing warmth. To test this, let the reader try, for instance, *The Home of Poetry and Thoughts of Thomas Hardy*. By the first, what certainty is communicated (in only twenty lines, too) that poets are born, cannot be made, cannot choose or change their mental country, are ill advised to try, and draw their lifelong bliss from earliest impressions, from the mighty motherhood of sense,

The poetry of time before the yearning

For poetry took form!

Equally satisfying is the Hardy poem, catching the very attitude of its subject: Hardy's melancholy, his "musing eye," his awareness of the vast, his tenderness for the small. But one cannot cut slices off sunlight; one can only mention that a particular quality of certain sunlight is here.

#### RIPENESS AND HUMOUR

MR. WALTER MEADE'S *Verses Out of Pattern* (Muller, 5s.) are not so much out of pattern as all that! In other words, they sometimes conform, metrically speaking; they sometimes go off into free verse; and in either case they are comprehensible and pleasing. Some of them take their rise in experiences dating from a journey through Persia; one of the best of these is a translation from the Persian of Saadi, dedicated to Anthony Kimmins. The rest of the poems express either their author's capacity for deep, delicate, restrained feeling, or his enchantingly sly humour. *The Mouse, Looking Back and Uncle* will set anybody chuckling. But his range is wider than this. He is at home in the heart of a child, of "a gaffer of the Weald" and of nature. The whole book is stamped with an attractive, ripely experienced personality. And at the full moon round about next Midsummer's Eve one reader, at any rate, is going to keep a sharp lookout, in the hope of surprising a pleasant sight never noticed before:

And the Man in the Moon with a kitten,

Starry and sweet and shy,  
Lapping the milk of the staircase  
By which we climbed to the sky.

V. H. F.

## A Toast

To the lion-hearts of the R.A.F. who throw in all for Britain, counting no cost . . .

To the lads who flung the Luftwaffe from our skies . . .

To the boys who day and night protect us . . .

To the sons who will no more come home again . . .

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# Gaiety IN THE AFTERNOON



PHOTOGRAPHS:  
DERMOT CONOLLY



- Black felt dotted with chenille, turquoise velvet ribbons, ties on with yards of black veiling
  - (Left) Turquoise ribbon folds over a high cylindrical crown, open at the top, black velvet brim and black veiling
- Both hats from Strassner

**T**HIS year, with more entertaining in prospect, frocks and jumper suits form a considerable part of the Spring collections. In some cases, indeed, they even hold the priority position held during the war so far by tailored suits. They are designed to wear under the fitting tailored coats in suitings and tweeds, neutral coloured, black or navy, that were so fashionable last year and will be worn again right through this Summer. In consequence, waists on the frocks are neat to fit snugly under the coats, with fullness placed above and below as pleats, darts, gores, gathers and gussets. Simple one-piece dresses in wool and rayon crêpes and marocains, satins, lamé or velveteen, have a swing to the hem, gathered bodices and plain high necklines; or are cut away at the neckline and draped elaborately over the hips of the tight skirts in Pharaoh's daughter fashion; or they have sheath skirts and choker collars. A large number of jumper and tunic suits are shown as well in woollen crêpes, jerseys and fine suitings, dead black, in a dark shade with a bright contrast, or, in the case of suitings, in two neat patterns in the same neutral colourings. These suitings, more often than not, are a combination of a neat bird's-eye or fleck with a line check or a broad pyjama stripe in a discreet contrast of colour, a plum or a deep blue with mushroom brown, cyclamen and plum with tones of pinky beige. The frocks are sleek with long tunics moulding the hips, tailored pockets and touches of white piqué at the throat.

The jumper suits in fine wool crêpes and jerseys, gauged to a narrow panel running down the centre of the front of the tunic, or knife pleated on both fronts are slimming and elegant. Some are cut with a few soft gathers below deep shoulder yokes, or with cross-over tops, V necklines, bracelet-length sleeves and deep bands, matching the skirt, edging sleeves and the shortish basque. Fine hand-woven neutral-coloured tweeds for the country have the mesh weave of a jersey and are woven with deep bands of two or three pastels making the fronts of the jumper or a



- (Right) Jumper in pillarbox red wool banded with black on the bracelet-length sleeves, a black belt and skirt.
- Peter Robinson





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deep shoulder yoke; or the sleeves may be in one colour with the rest of the frock in a second of the same density, while a third, a bright colour, pipes the necklines or makes the collar or dickey front. Charming printed Summer tunic dresses are shown also, notably in the Rima collection where I found a pale ice blue starred with plum with all the fullness in front of the tunic as a deep fluted frill. The top is left absolutely plain and lies round the base of the throat, the tunic fastens down the back, the material is a heavy marocain and the skirt plain and tight. A black tunic frock in this collection in a linen-like rayon has diagonal fastening on the plain top and white plastic Tudor roses for buttons. Another in fine dove grey suiting has V-shaped insets of canary-coloured barathea inlet down the centre of the front and a dashing canary-coloured barathea topcoat with a full gored back and fitted waist.

**JUMPER** suits in rayon crêpes, plain or printed, can tie under the chin with a bow and have seams running from the throat over the top of the shoulders to make tiny cape sleeves, or a wide armhole put in with the complicated geometric cutting made famous by Vionnet a decade ago and the sleeve tapering to elbow or wrist level. Prints with long slim sweater tops moulding the hips fasten down the back, have plain round necklines, square padded shoulders, three-quarter sleeves and a band of plain material outlining the edge of tunic and sleeve and picking up the predominant colour in the print. Worth shows a tunic with a jutting gathered peplum emphasising its tiny waist and a full basqued jacket to wear over it.

Some pretty, youthful dresses with full circular skirts are being shown in London. A one-piece printed crêpe in the Worth collection has a tiny waist, a flared hemline and a wide suede belt studded in the same scroll design as the print. One of the prettiest dresses



Peach chiffon piped with turquoise. Walpoles

in the Spectator collection is made in taffeta in a blue-black with a tiny waist, a gored skirt and short cape sleeves in black jersey studded with stars in sparkling blue strass. The cowl collar is made in the jersey and can be pulled over the hair as a hood at night. Some flowery and Paisley Summer prints have scooped-out neckline tying up with a drawstring, long clinging bodices like a sweater, with a flared skirt below the hips. These are one-piece, 7-coupon dresses. The same style is shown in lamé, but the skirt is skin tight and gathered down the front, Egyptian fashion. One of the prettiest of the Laeta Ramage Summer dresses in daffodil yellow and white printed Moygashel has this scooped-out neckline and fluted frills rippling along the top of the pockets and the shallow yoke. This has the tiny sleeves that go with this neckline, and is a style designed for the young girl. Tunic line dresses of all kinds are extremely flattering for women who are not quite so slim.

All this emphasis on the waist brings up the vexed question of corsets. Hand-made belts are being made in very limited numbers on strict quotas but women are cheerfully waiting months for them. Strong satin belts with monograms, turquoise, peach, cherry, match uplift brassières, are fitted like a suit and expensive. The great wholesale houses with branded names still

make a very few non-Utility belts and corselettes, but a very, very few.

The new Utility belts are in the shops, retailing at about eleven shillings, and are certainly marvellous value. Berlei have one in satin for slight figures with panels of pre-war batiste elastic at the sides. Warners have a front-laced belt in brocade for heavy figures with boned front, also a medium and a light model in sleek satin with high curved line in front. Warner hold a large stock of suspenders which are still pre-war in quality—wonderful to behold.

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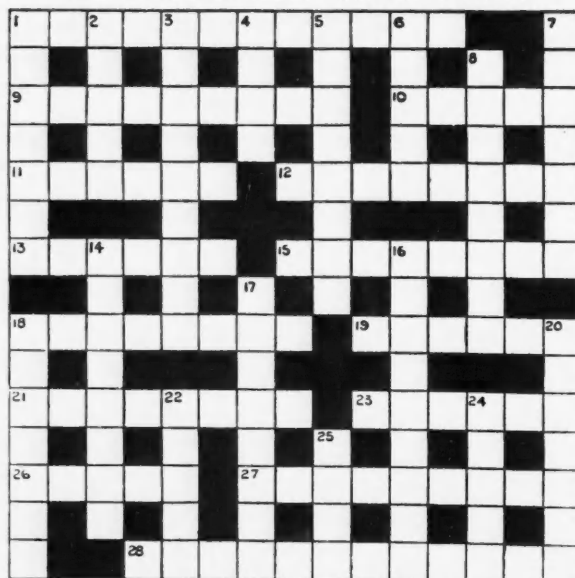
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NOTE.—This Competition does not apply to the United States.



Name.....  
(Mr., Mrs., etc.)

Address.....

### ACROSS.

1. A necessity for express purposes (7, 5)
9. Those who used to allow that Moddum was always right (4, 5)
10. A Greek poem (5)
11. Testing (6)
12. An epithet for *Macbeth* (8)
13. A Latin king turns back in the midst of a reformed set (6)
15. A planner for a mark in the heart of a deer (8)
18. An arrangement of flower-beds (8)
19. Stick from the *Iliad* here (6)
21. Is rented for him (8)
23. Fortress that, it seems, is often built in Spain (6)
26. "Is life a —? Then count it not a whit!" —W. S. Gilbert (5)
27. With this the confectioner seems to have reversed the dishes (9)
28. Cause a climax (5, 2, 1, 4)

### DOWN.

1. Test roe (anagr.) (7)
2. Put here or in ivy (5)
3. One wet tag for a vehicle (9)
4. An enclosure built by inches? (4)
- 5 and 25. What the chairman always has for the sitting (8, 4)
6. A form of expression (5)
7. A motor-cyclist's attachment (7)
8. Pitt takes a remodelled cane (8)
14. A viscount is sometimes one (5, 3)
16. A drink to have at tiffin? (6, 3)
17. Relative to a grandfather (8)
18. A second choice at the library? (4, 3)
20. Chosen, but not altogether selected (7)
22. Is he more blessed than the Official Receiver, for instance? (5)
24. The beginning is with me to make the subject (5)
25. See 5

**SOLUTION TO No. 786.** The winner of this Crossword, the clues of which appeared in the issue of February 16, will be announced next week.

ACROSS.—3, Lasso; 8 and 12, Engage in battle; 9, Utopia; 10, Headmaster; 11, Odds; 14, Dryden; 16, Northern Ireland; 18, Rancid; 20, Nonsense; 23, Stop; 24, Reluctance; 26, Beaten; 27, London; 28, Giddy. DOWN.—1, Intern; 2, Hand; 3, Levant; 4, Southern England; 5, Outrider; 6, Nobody else; 7, Riddle; 12, Inner; 13, Anticipate; 15, Nudge; 17, Enduring; 19, Antler; 21, Nicely; 22, Sector; 25, Acne.

The winner of Crossword No. 785 is

Mrs. A. M. Pearson,  
Lyndale, Grimsby.